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EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND
MODERN.



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EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND
MODERN :

HUMOROUS, WITTY, SATIRICAL,
MORAL, PANEGYRICAL,
MONUMENTAL.



EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE,

BY THE

REV. JOHN BOOTH, B.A.

CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,
AND GREEN.

1863.

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TO
WILLIAM ROBINSON, Esq.

THE PARK, CHELTENHAM,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS

THAT HAVE MARKED A FRIENDSHIP EXTENDING

OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS,

THIS COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.



PREFACE.

“ OMNE epigramma sit instar apis, sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.”

“ AN Epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many—neat and round,
All ending in a sting.”

FROM the present popular use of the word Epigram, we get but an imperfect idea of what the Greeks intended that term to express. Literally speaking, it means an *Inscription*, and was employed by that people to indicate the eulogy which they usually *inscribed* upon their temples, statues, monuments, or trophies. From the very nature of the materials upon which such eulogies had to be engraven, the words, of necessity, were required to be few. And, inasmuch as they were intended to catch the eye, and awaken the

attention of every passer-by, simplicity and point were aimed at in their construction. In course of time this species of composition, which, perhaps, at first was restricted to record the name, character, or some striking action, of the deceased, had a more extensive signification, and was applied by that remarkable people to every occasion and subject. Whilst Greece was yet in her infancy, her epigrams were the sole vehicles of her earliest history, the sole memorials of her honoured dead. They are appealed to by later writers with all the confidence that sure indisputable testimony is calculated to inspire. They serve to chronicle each great event that interested the people, whether of a foreign or domestic character. Thus the history of an epoch is sometimes contained in a few distiches, which are easily remembered, and referred to without trouble.

The Greek epigrams that have come down to us from upwards of fifty of their authors, are distinguished for grandeur and nobleness of sentiment, and for the chaste, elegant language in which they are expressed. Fine thoughts, conveyed in natural and beautiful attire, are to the man of refined and cultivated taste an ample equivalent for the satire, or the wit, that

are regarded as essential ingredients in a modern epigram. And we ought, moreover, to bear in mind that all that has come down to us from that early period are but fragmentary productions of their lyric bards, and can furnish but a sorry gauge of the salt and the smartness that may have marked their highest efforts in this particular direction. A people so eminent in literature and in the fine arts, as displayed in those monuments that remain, and which are still the confessed "standard of excellence" in the judgment of the most polished nations of modern times, would not, we may justly conclude, have been inferior to any writers who came after them in that kind of composition for which they have been considered by the French wits insipid and defective.

With the exception of Martial, we have no one amongst the Romans of any great reputation as a writer of epigrams. Catullus has left us some few which have been praised for their simplicity and delicacy of expression, and for their close imitation of the patterns of the Greeks; and which, for these reasons, have obtained amongst good critics great praise and favour; but his poems generally are justly reprobated for the vile, indecent thoughts that lie beneath this pretty outside covering; and which render his

verses unwholesome to read, and totally unfit for translation. There is no originality, but much of obscenity, in the epigrams of Ausonius; and his reputation is of as little account as his versification. Martial, on the contrary, has left us a vast number of epigrams, the creations of his own fertile imagination. Many of these refer to odious vices which, in his time, were common, and perhaps then little condemned; but which in modern days are unfit to be mentioned. In a considerable number of them he endeavours to give point to the last line or two; and in some he succeeds in exciting our admiration at his power of ridicule, wit, irony, sagacity, good sense, and knowledge of the world; but his thoughts are not always just, his humour often borders upon affectation, whilst his adulation of one of the most execrable of the Roman Emperors is perfectly nauseating, and makes one blush at the thought of the depths of moral depravity into which our nature can descend.

In our own day, and in our own language, an epigram is understood to mean a poem distinguished for its *point*, *elegance*, and *brevity*; and confined to one principal thought or subject; and so briefly and pointedly expressed, as to leave a forcible, or lasting, impression on the mind. A

facetious application of an old proverb, or of some well-known passage of history, or of ancient mythology, or the lucky application of a motto from a classical or modern author, are some of the requirements looked for in a modern epigram. If one striking thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the entire poem, it may justly, we think, be considered as an epigram, though it be of considerable length. Harmony and smoothness of versification are essentially necessary to its success. In a word, the moderns seem to follow the Romans, and are not satisfied if an epigram does not contain stinging personal satire, humour, or wit, so pointed as to create surprise or pleasure in the mind of the reader.

No one can doubt that the epigram may be turned to an admirable use in correcting offences against good sense and good manners, by ridiculing vanity, pride, arrogance, impertinence, affectation, or vulgarity of behaviour; but it has altogether passed its legitimate bounds, when its satire or point is aimed at natural defects, or at anything that is stamped with the Divine approval.

The collection of epigrams now offered to the public, consists of translations of a considerable number of those contained in the Greek Antho-

logy, and of Latin authors, ancient and modern.* It also embraces most of those which were written by our own eminent poets who, though not devoting much of their attention to this kind of writing, still amused and occupied themselves now and then with such compositions ; seemingly excited by some passing event, or singular eccentric person, who may have perhaps caused offence, or given rise to merry thoughts. Selections have been made from periodical and ephemeral publications of “ the olden time,” or of recent date, in which such *morceaux piquants* were likely to be found. English versions of German, French, Spanish, and Italian authors who have indulged their fancies in such witty conceits, have received the attention they justly merited ; and from such sources many have been included in the work. The reader, too, will find some epigrams which are not to be met with in any printed book or miscellany. A few scanty notes have been added, when absolutely necessary.

* Sufficient references, it is hoped, have been given to afford every facility to the classical reader to consult the original text. To have supplemented this deficiency, if such it should be considered, to the fullest practicable extent, would have added considerably to the expense of publication, without necessarily increasing the popularity of the work as a gossiping handbook.

With all its faults and omissions, the Editor hopes that as the tastes and understandings of men vary as much as their faces, there will be found in the work materials enough to occupy and enliven the vacant hour, and, it may be, help to "drive dull care away."

The part devoted to Monumental Epigrams contains, it must be admitted, some epitaphs that are not strictly speaking of an epigrammatic nature; but whilst the Editor allows that such is the case, he hopes that, as many of these are quaint and singularly expressed, and may not yet have found a place in the works of those who have been "gleaners" and publishers of epitaphs, they will, though failing in those characteristics expected in epigrams, afford pleasure and amusement in their perusal.

Bromyard, January, 1863.





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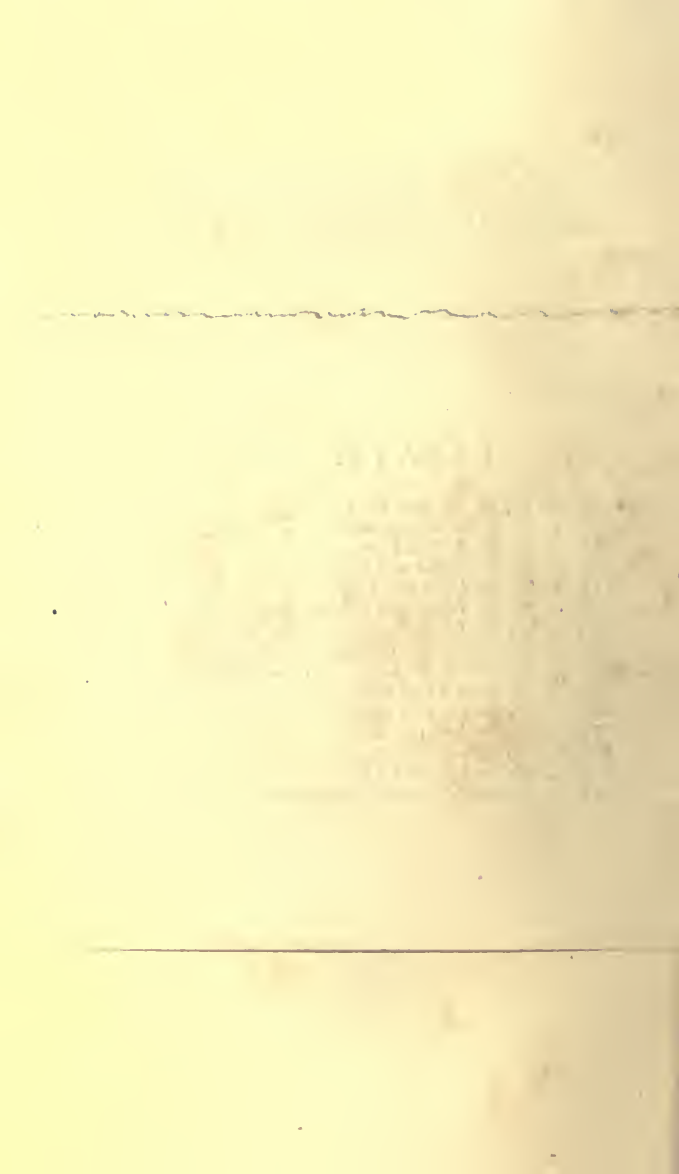
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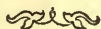
Page	5,	line 25,	for <i>For</i> read <i>In</i> .
"	8,	" 2,	insert <i>not</i> after <i>mourn</i> .
"	62,	" 12,	for <i>By</i> read <i>From</i> .
"	75,	" 24,	for <i>Italian</i> read <i>Latin</i> .
"	173,	" 19,	for <i>Urbes</i> read <i>Urles</i> .
"	178,	" 25,	for <i>Lib. ii.</i> read <i>Martial, lib. ii.</i>
"	181,	" 11,	for <i>Lib. iii.</i> read <i>Martial, lib. iii.</i>
"	183,	" 21,	for <i>Lib. xii.</i> read <i>Martial, lib. xii.</i>
"	190,	" 18,	omit <i>T. W. Croker</i> . Author uncertain.
"	205,	" 2,	for <i>that</i> read <i>what</i> .
"	218,	" 24,	omit <i>of</i> after <i>fabric</i> .
"	275,	" 17,	for <i>hand</i> read <i>band</i> .
"	275,	" 18,	for <i>band</i> read <i>hand</i> .
"	313,	" 26,	for <i>hallo</i> read <i>hollo</i> .
"	334,	" 1,	for <i>Suthland</i> read <i>Sutberland</i> .





PART I.

HUMOROUS, WITTY, AND
SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS.





PART I.

HUMOROUS, WITTY, AND SATIRICAL
EPIGRAMS.

On the Fading of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Colours.

THE art of painting was at first design'd
To bring the dead, our ancestors, to mind;
But this same painter has reversed the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

Gaining a Loss.

I OFFER love, but thou respect wilt have :
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave :
But know ! I can be no man's *friend* and *slave*.

MARTIAL.

Johnson's Definitions incorrect.

IN the dictionary of words, as our *Johnson* affirms,
Purse and Budget are nearly synonymous terms ;
But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great
As Budget and Purse in the dictionary of state ;—
The minister's language all language reverses,
For filling his Budget is empt'ing our Purse.

A Prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny;
 "I chose her," says he, "like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight."

On a Fat Doctor.

WHEN Tadloe treads the streets, the paviers cry,
 "God bless you, Sir!" and lay their rammers by.

Woman's Influence.

MAN flattering man not always can prevail;
 But woman flattering man can never fail.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

SWIFT.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
 Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen:
 cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
 The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

Light-fingered Jack.

JACK, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
 For practice-sake purloin'd a pound of candles,
 Was taken in the fact;—ah! thoughtless wight!
 To steal such things as needs must come to *light*.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

His whole estate, thy father, by his will,
 Gave to the *poor*—thou hast good title still.

Treason.

TREASON does *never* prosper: what's the reason?
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

On One who made Long Epitaphs.

FRIEND! for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
 Where still so much is said;
 One half will never be believed,
 The other never read.

POPE.

On One who expended his Fortune in Horse-racing.

JACK ran so long, and ran so fast,
 No wonder he ran out at last;
 He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
 He distanced all—and ran away.

The Duke and the Dean.

JAMES BRIDGES and the Dean had long been friends;
 James is be-duked, and so their friendship ends;
 And sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
 From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.

SWIFT.

To Mrs. Mutable.

WHAT though for beauty you may bear the *bell*;
 Yet, ever to ring *changes sounds* not well.

The Humourist; from Martial.

FOR all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee nor without thee.

ADDISON.

From Martial.

THY beard and head are of a different dye ;
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye ;
 With all these tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

ADDISON.

On Charles the Second.

OF a tall stature and a fable hue,
 Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew ;
 Ten years of need he suffer'd in exile,
 And kept his father's asses all the while.

ANDREW MARVEL.

A Milk and Water Epigram.

“ Are good folk very clean up town ? ”
 Enquired a rustic o'er his porter :
 “ Clean ! ” cried a cockney, just come down,
 “ They even wash their milk with water.”

On a painted Lady.

ONCE, at a masquerade, a painted fair
 Was wandering o'er the rooms in piteous case ;
 “ I've lost my mask,” she cried, with mournful air ;
 “ No,” said a friend, “ you have it on your face.”

The Clown's Reply.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty Peers
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
 “ An't please you,” quoth John, “ I'm not given to letters,
 Nor dare I presume to know more than my betters ;
 Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses.”

GOLDSMITH.

On a battered Beauty.

HAIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy,
A multifarious store !
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

Five Reasons for Drinking.

IF on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink :
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by-and-bye,
Or any other reason why.

ALDRICH.

From Boileau.

You say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cured me of a dangerous ill :
I say, he never did prescribe for me :
The proof is plain, I'm living still.

The changed Lover ; from the Greek.

I LOVED thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

EARL NUGENT.

The Debt discharged.

To John I owed great obligation :
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure John and I are more than quit.

PRIOR.

On Moore's Translation of Anacreon.

OH ! mourn for Anacreon dead ;
 Oh ! weep not for Anacreon fled ;
 The lyre still breathes he touch'd before,
 For we have one Anacreon Moore.

ERSKINE.

Monkish Rhyme.

DÆMON languebat, monachus bonus esse volebat :
 Sed cum convaluit, manet ut ante fuit.

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
 When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

A Philosophical Epigram.

SAYS the earth to the moon, " You're a pilfering jade ;
 What you steal from the sun is beyond all belief !"
 Fair Cynthia replies, " Madam earth, hold your prate ;
 The receiver is always as bad as the thief."

On Death.

ON Death, though wit is oft display'd,
 No epigram could e'er be made ;
 Poets stop short, and lose their breath,
 When coming to the *point* of Death.

On an Oxford Toast with fine Eyes and a loud Voice.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts surprise
 At once with love and wonder ;
 She bears Jove's *lightnings* in her eyes,
 But in her *voice* his *thunder*.

*On Dr. Manners Sutton's Translation to the See of
Canterbury, on the Death of Moore.*

WHAT say you ? the Archbishop's dead—
A loss indeed ! Oh ! on his head
Pray God his blessings pour !
But if with such a heart and mind
A *Manners* you his equal find,
How can you wish for *Moore* ?

*On a Part of St. Mary's Church at Oxford being
converted into a Law School.*

YES, yes, you may rail at the Pope as you please,
But, trust me, that miracles never will cease.
See here—an event that no mortal suspected !
See Law and Divinity closely *connected* !
Which proves the old proverb, long reckon'd so odd,
That the nearest the Church the farthest from God.

*On Mr. Sheepshanks, a Tutor of Jesus College, Cam-
bridge, spelling the word Satire "Satyr."*

THE Satyrs of old were Satyrs of note,
They'd the head of a man and the shanks of a goat :
But the Satyrs of Jesus all Satyrs surpass,
They've the shanks of a sheep but the head of an ass.

*On Bishop Goodenough preaching before the
House of Lords.*

'Tis well *enough* that *Goodenough*
Before the House should preach ;
For sure *enough*, full bad *enough*
Were those he had to teach.

The Bear and the Bishop.

WHEN Byron was at Trinity,
 Studying classics and divinity,
 He kept a rugged Russian bear ;
 Which bear would often scratch and tear
 And dance and roar—
 So much so, that even men in the adjacent college,
 Said, “ Within the sphere of their own knowledge,
 They never knew so great a bore ! ”
 Indeed the Master, then a Bishop, was so baited,
 He order'd that the beast should quick be fold,
 Or, if not fold, at least translated.
 “ What,” said Lord Byron, “ what does the Master say ?
 Send my friend away !
 No, give my compliments to Dr. Mansell,
 And say, my Bear I certainly can sell :
 But 'twill be very hard—for tell him, Gyp,
 The poor thing's fitting for a fellowship.”

On Jekyll's nearly being thrown down by a very small Pig.

As Jekyll walk'd out in his gown and his wig,
 He happen'd to tread on a very small pig :
 “ Pig of science,” he said, “ or else I'm mistaken,
 For surely thou art an abridgment of Bacon.”

Smatterers in Knowledge,

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert
 Than those that understand an art ;
 As little sparkles shine more bright
 Than glowing coals that give them light.

On a bad Singer.

SWANS sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

*On the Death of a good Physician ; from the
Greek of Lucillius.*

WHEN Magnus fought the realms of night,
Grim Pluto trembled for his right ;
“ That fellow comes,” he said, “ ’tis plain,
To call my ghosts to life again.”

From the Greek of Lucian.

A DOCTOR fond of letters once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read ;
The lad soon knew “ Achilles’ wrath” to sing,
And said by heart, “ To Greece the direful spring.”
“ ’Tis quite enough, my dear,” the parent said,
“ For too much learning may confuse your head.
That wrath which hurls to Pluto’s gloomy reign,
Go tell your tutor, I can best explain.”

From the Greek of Nicarchus.

’Tis said that certain death awaits
The raven’s nightly cry ;
But at the sound of Cymon’s voice
The very ravens die.

“ I owe,” says Metius, “ much to Colon’s care,
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.”
“ True, Metius, hence your fortunes take their rise,
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.”

On the Malvern Waters.

THOSE waters, so famed by the great Dr. Wall,
Consist in containing just nothing at all.

From the Seat of War.

GAETA's defenders, 'twould seem, have a turn
For the tailoring craft ; for from Reuter we learn
That, as soon as the news of an arm'stice them reaches,
They all set to work, Sirs, repairing their breaches.

On a Student of All-Souls' College being unjustly fined.

" KNOWLEDGE is power," so faith the learned Bacon,
And sure in that the sage was not mistaken :
But happy would it be for All Souls' College,
If, on the contrary, Power gave knowledge.

*On Cheese, Son-in-law of Villiers, Bishop of Durham,
receiving a Living of 1350l. a-year.*

APOLLOS was mighty in doctrine, we're told,
When doctrine was found in the good days of old :
But there's doctrine more *mitey* in Shaftesbury's fees,
For it's bred by corruption and comes from a *Cheese*.

PUNCH.

The Traveller and Clergyman.

C. I've lost my portmanteau.

T. I pity your grief.

C. All my sermons are in it.

T. I pity the thief.

Alliteration on Cardinal Wolfey.

BEGOT by Butchers, but by Bishops bred,
How high his Honour holds his haughty head.

On a Psalm-singing Clerk.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
 When they translated David's psalms,
 To make the heart full glad :
 But had it been poor David's fate,
 To hear thee sing and them translate,
 By Jove, 'twould have drove him mad.

ROCHESTER.

I WOULDN'T live for ever,
 I wouldn't if I could :
 But I needn't fret about it,
 For I couldn't if I would.

On Mr. Hoyle, a very fat Man.

"ALL flesh is grass," the Psalmist saith ;
 If this be no mistake,
 Whene'er fat Hoyle's mown down by death
 What loads of hay he'll make.

On a Clergyman's Horse biting him.

THE steed bit his master ;
 How came this to pass ?
 He heard the good pastor
 Cry, " All flesh is grass."

On Mr. Husband's Marriage.

THIS case is the strangest we've known in our life,
 The husband's a husband, and so is the wife.

Keen Sight.

JACK his own merit sees : this gives him pride,
 For he sees more than all the world beside.

Medical.

ONE day the surveyor, with a sigh and a groan,
Said, "Doctor, I'm dying of gravel and stone :"
The Doctor replied, "This is true, then, though odd,
What kills a surveyor's a cure for a road."

*A would-be Benedick wrote as follows to a Female
Relative :—*

How comes it this delightful weather,
That *U* and *I* can't dine together ?

To which she replied :—

My worthy Coz, it cannot *B* ;
U cannot come till after *T*.

The Converse.

Yes, every poet is a fool :
By demonstration Ned can show it ;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Marriage Grievs.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair ;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give ;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live."

PRIOR.

George the Third's Physicians.

THE king employ'd three doctors daily,
 Willis, Heberden, and Baillie,
 All exceeding skilful men,
 Baillie, Willis, Heberden :
 But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
 Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

On Philpot, the new Bishop of Worcester.

"A GOOD appointment? No, it's not,"
 Said old beer-drinking Peter Watts;
 "At Worcester one but hears Philpot,
 At generous Exeter, Phil-pots."

From the Greek.

MY friend, an eminent physician,
 Truſted his ſon to my tuition:
 The father wiſh'd me to explain
 The beauties of old Homer's ſtrain.
 But ſcarce theſe lines the youth had read,
 "Of thouſands number'd with the dead,
 Of ghafly wounds and cloſing eyes,
 Of broken limbs and heart-felt ſighs"—
 "Great ſage," exclaims the youth, "adieu!
 My fire can teach as well as you."

Madrigal.

WHEN two-ſcore throats together ſquall,
 It may be called a Mad-rig-al.

SWIFT.

The Laſt Debt.

His laſt great debt is paid. Poor *Tom*'s no more:
 Laſt debt! *Tom* never paid a debt before.

A Woman's Mind.

WHAT is lighter than a feather?
 Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
 What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
 The wind that wafts it far away.
 What is lighter than the wind?
 The lightness of a woman's mind.
 And what is lighter than the last?
 Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast.

On Twining, the Teaman.

IT seems as if Nature had curiously plann'd
 That men's names with their trades should agree;
 There's Twining, the Teaman, who lives in the Strand,
 Would be *whining*, if robb'd of his *T*.

On the Latin Gerunds.

WHEN Dido mourn'd, Æneas would not come,
 She wept in silence, and was *Di-Do-Dumb*.

PORSON.

From Martial.

HE call'd thee vicious, did he? lying elf!
 Thou art not vicious, thou art vice itself.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he moved Old Nick,
 Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

On Talleyrand's Death and Promotion.

THE French Grand Chamberlain has cut his stick,
 And been appointed Premier to Old Nick.

The Book-Worms.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings :
 But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings.

BURN.

Advice to Grumblers.

OLD grumbling politicians cry,
 Old England's basis stands awry ;
 Mend this, they say ; mend that, mend t'other.
 Spare, spare, good people, your concern ;
 Let this *Old England* serve your turn,
 Till you can show us *such another*.

On Lord Ward, late Earl of Dudley, by Rogers.

WARD has no heart, they say ; but I deny it :
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

THE charming Mary has no mind, they say,
 I prove she has—it changes every day.

The Creed of Poverty.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be :
 Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
 Let great folks hear and see.

Women's Faults.

WE men have many faults, but women have but two,
 There's nothing good they say, and nothing good they do.

The World.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses that pull,
 Each tugs it a different way,
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

BYRON.

*On Charles Dickens, whose First Work was
 "Sketches by Boz."*

WHO the dickens "Boz" could be,
 Puzzled many a learned elf:
 Till time unveil'd the mystery,
 And "Boz" appear'd as Dickens' self.

On an Album.

AN Album! prithee what is it?
 A book like this I'm shown,
 Kept to be fill'd with others' wit
 By people who have none.

You ask me, Roger, what I gain
 By living on a barren plain:
 This credit to the spot is due,
 I live there without seeing you.

COWPER.

On Dr. Lettsom.

IF any body comes to I,
 I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
 If, after that, they like to die,
 Why, what care I, I Lettsom.

Matrimonial Fars.

Wife. You're a false cruel wretch, not a year after
marriage

To try to degrade me, and put down the
carriage.

Husband. A lady, my dear, was the answering reproach,
Is known by her *carriage*, but not by her
coach.

*Transported Convicts. By Barrington, the celebrated
Pickpocket.*

TRUE patriots we : for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

*On Sir John Hill, who wrote on all Subjects, and
professed Physic and Botany.*

FOR physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

A Lawyer's Declaration : the best Fee, the Female.

FEE-SIMPLE and the simple *fee*,
And all the *fees* in tail,
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of *fees*—*fe-male*.

The Musical Contest.

SOME say that Signor *Bononcini*,
Compared to *Handel*, 's a mere ninny ;
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange, that such high disputes should be
'Twixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*.

How to make a Shift.

NELL, tried for stealing linen, answer'd swift,
Compell'd through want, she did it—for a shift.

*Old Gould's Letter to a Friend on his Marriage,
and the Reply.*

So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*.

His Friend's Reply.

A GIRL of eighteen may love *Gold*, it is true,
But believe me, dear Sir, it is *Gold* without *U*.

The World.

THIS world is the best we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in :
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, Sir, that ever was known.

Another.

THE world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.

The Vicar and Curate.

A VICAR, long ill, who had treasured up wealth,
Told his *Curate* each Sunday to pray for his health ;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were *dead*.
“ By my troth,” says the Curate, “ let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his death, but I have for his *living*.”

Written on a Looking-glass.

I CHANGE, and so do 'women too,
But I reflect—which women never do.

Answer, by a Lady.

If women reflected, oh, scribbler, declare,
What man ! faithless man, would be blest'd by the fair.

GEORGE the Second having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford, and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram :—

Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two Universities :
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty :
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

An Epigram which Dr. Johnson, to show his contempt of the Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was fond of quoting : but, having done it in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus :—

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force :
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Johnson did Sir William the justice to say, “ it was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with ; ” though he once comically confessed, that “ he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism.”

On a Bald Head.

My hair and I are quits, d'ye see ;
 I first cut *him*, he now cuts *me*.

Worse than Bad.

“ MY wife's so very bad,” quoth Will,
 “ I fear she ne'er can hold it ;
 She *keeps* her bed.” “ Mine's worse,” quoth Phil,
 “ The jade has just now *sold* it.”

Why are Women beardless.

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
 Forbade a beard on woman's *chin* to grow,
 For how could she be shaved (whate'er the skill)
 Whose *tongue* would never let her *chin* be still.

A late Bishop's Charge to his Clergy poetized.

HUNT not, fish not, shoot not,
 Dance not, fiddle not, flute not ;
 Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs,
 But stay at home, and feed your pigs ;
 And, above all, I make it my special desire,
 That, at least, once a week you dine with the Squire.

On an Ugly Fellow ; from the Greek.

BEWARE, my friend, of crystal brook,
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
 Thy nose, thou chance to see :
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
 And self-detested thou would'st pine,
 As self-enamour'd he.

The Rival Beauties ; from the Greek.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
 Display'd their charms before my critic eyes :
 Superior beauties heighten'd every grace,
 And seem'd to mark them of celestial race :
 But I, who, blest'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
 Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

On a Bad Singer.

WHEN screech-owls scream, their note portends
 To frighten'd mortals, death of friends ;
 But, when Corvino strains his throat,
 E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

Retaliation ; from the Greek.

THE works of ancient bards divine,
 Aulus, thou scorn'st to read ;
 And should posterity read thine,
 It would be strange indeed.

It blew a hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution ;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd
 Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to
 the priest :
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson soule into the ocean.

On a Man named Nott.

THERE was a man who was *Nott* born,
 His father was *Nott* before him,
 He did *Nott* live, he did *Nott* die,
 And his epitaph was *Nott* o'er him.

The Two Husbands.

POOR John, who lost his darling wife,
 Went to a friend to sob and whine,
 Who, grieved to see him so repine,
 Exclaim'd, " Good man, upon my life,
 I wish your accident were mine."

Dean Swift, on his own Deafness.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
 To all my friends a burthen grown,
 No more I hear my church's bell,
 Than if it rang out for my knell.

At thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart :
 Nay, what's incredible, alack !
 I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On Female Inconstancy ; from the Greek.

RICH, thou hadst many lovers ; poor, hast none ;
 So surely want extinguishes the flame,
 And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

" Where wast thou born, Socrates, and where,
 In what strange country can thy parents live,
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive ?"

From Martial.

IF for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
 For very want, you must sell all at last.

Candour.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
 He gravely advised him his manners to mend ;
 That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many.
 “ They lie,” replied Tom,—“ for I never had any.”

The Keeper of Secrets.

CHARLES keeps a secret well, or I’m deceived :
 For nothing Charles can say will be believed.

The Doctor’s Coat of Arms.

A DOCTOR, who, for want of skill,
 Did sometimes cure, and sometimes kill,
 Contrived at length, by many a puff,
 And many a bottle fill’d with stuff,
 To raise his fortune and his pride ;
 And in a coach, forsooth, must ride.
 His family coat, long since worn out,
 What arms to take was all the doubt.
 A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answer’d, with a fly grimace :
 “ Take some device in your own way,
 Neither too solemn nor too gay ;
 Three ducks, suppose ; white, grey, or black ;
 And let your motto be, *Quack! Quack!*”

On Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford ; Imitation of Martial.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell ;
 The reason why I cannot tell :
 But this, I’m sure I know full well,
 I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,

From Martial.

'Tis a mere nothing that you ask, you cry :—
If you ask nothing, nothing I deny.

The Lawyer and the Doctor.

THE doctor lives by sporting with our lives ;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives.

On an Old Woman ; from the Greek.

MYCILLA dyes her locks, 'tis said ;
But 'tis a foul aspersion ;
She buys them black ; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

On a Miser ; imitated from the Greek.

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive address'd :
“ Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit ? ”
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied :
“ Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard !
I came to lodge, and not to board.”

COWPER.

Another.

THEY call thee rich ; I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

COWPER.

A Man of Wit.

A——, they say, has wit ; for what ?
For writing?—No ; for writing not.

Corporation Politeness.

As a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess ;
“ The Spaniard,” quoth he, “ with inveterate spleen,
Has presumed to attack you, a poor virgin queen,
But your Majesty’s courage has made it appear
That the Don had ‘ ta’en the wrong sow by the ear.’ ”

The Correspondent and the Editor.

A CORRESPONDENT, something new
Transmitting, sign’d himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begg’d he might be X. Q. Z.

On Bloomfield, the Poet.

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy omen’d name
Ensures continuance to thy fame ;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
While *fields* shall *bloom* thy name shall live !

KIRKE WHITE.

*On the Telegraphic Wire connecting England
and America.*

JOHN BULL and Brother Jonathan
Each other ought to greet ;
They’ve always been extravagant,
But now “ make both ends meet.”

On an Ugly Fellow.

LET Dick some summer's day expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant-mouth to cause
 Its shade to fall upon its jaws ;
 With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders side by side,
 Dick, with a very little trial,
 Would make an excellent sun-dial.

On Chatham and Temple.

SAYS "Gouty"* to "Gawkee,"† "Pray what do you mean?"

Says "Gawkee" to "Gouty," "To mob King and Queen."

Says "Gawkee" to "Gouty," "Pray what's your intention?"

Says "Gouty" to "Gawkee," "To double my pension."
 LORD EDGCUMBE.

The Golden Age.

WHY "golden," when that age alone, we're told,
 Was blest with happy ignorance of gold?
 More justly we our venal times might call
 "The golden age," for gold is all in all.

Commercial.

A LITTLE stealing is a dangerous part,
 But stealing largely is a noble art ;
 'Tis mean to rob a henroost, or a hen,
 But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.

* Earl of Chatham.

† Lord Temple.

Women and Marriage.

LORD Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
 Says, "Wives are tin canisters tied to our tail;"
 While fair Lady Ann, as the subject he carries on,
 Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparifon.
 Yet wherefore degrading? confider'd aright,
 A canifter's useful, and polifh'd, and bright;
 And fhould dirt its original purity hide,
 That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

LEWIS, *the Dramatift.*

Erskine's Rejoinder.

WHEN fmitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
 If marriage fhould not be your lot,
 A ball from a piftol will end your defpair—
 It's fafer than canifter-shot.

From Martial.

A DOCTOR, lately, was a captain made;
 It is a change of title, not of trade.

From Martial.

BOTH man and wife, as bad as bad can be;
 I wonder they no better fhould agree.

Sympathy.

A DOCTOR and an undertaker met;
 They fpoke of illnefs, fees, of trade, and debt;
 And well they might, for fuch a difmal day
 Never was known for coughs and deaths to clay;
 Parting in fog, they both exclaim'd together,
 "Good morning t'ye; this is rare *coffin* weather."

On Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England.

WHEN *More* some time had Chancellor been,
 No *more* suits did remain;
 The same shall never *more* be seen,
 Till *More* be there again.

IF the man who turnips *cries*,
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

DR. JOHNSON.

On a Hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
 In ancient times, when folk did wed,
 'Twas to be one at "board and bed;"
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His charmer either bed or board.

Arithmetic.

SAYS Giles, "My wife and I are two;
 Yet, faith, I know not why, Sir!"
 Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true;
 She's one, and you're a cypher."

For Trades' Unionists.

WHAT is a Unionist? One who has yearnings
 For an equal division of unequal earnings;
 Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
 To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

EB. ELLIOT.

From the Greek.

POOR in my youth, and wealthy in old age,
 Still must I mourn my unpropitious fate;
 When gold and pleasures could my mind engage,
 I pined in want; now fortune smiles—too late.

Celia and Dean Swift.

SAID Celia to a reverend Dean,
 “What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That they have none in heaven?”
 “They have,” says he, “no women there.”
 She quick returns the jest:
 “Women there are, but I’m afraid
 They cannot find a priest.”

My Shirt.

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dash’d,
 Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash’d,
 The dame appear’d, and, holding it to view,
 Said, “If ’tis wash’d again, ’twill wash in two.”
 “Indeed,” cries Bayes; “then wash it, pray, good
 cousin,
 And wash it, if you can, into a dozen.”

Judgment in Chancery.

WHEN house and lands are gone and spent,
 Then judgment is most excellent.

A Parody on the same.

WHEN port and sherry’s gone and spent,
 Then Barclay’s beer’s most excellent.

To Phillis.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
 That heart of yours I long to rifle;
 Come, give it me; why should you make
 So much ado about a *trifle*?

Pollio's Library.

POLLIO, who values nothing that's within,
 Buys books, like beavers, only for their skin.

Jack and Roger.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
 "Like Samson, I my thousands slay."
 "I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
 And with the self-same weapon, too."

The Fop.

No wonder he is vain of coat or ring;
 Vain of himself, he may of anything.

Tax on Asses.

"WHY tax not asses?" Bob does say;
 "Why, if they did, you'd have to pay."

*On the Prison Treading-mill, invented by Mr. Cubitt,
 of Ipswich.*

THE coves in prison, grinding corn for bread,
 Denounce thee, Cubitt, every step they tread;
 And, though the ancients used thee, sure 'tis hard
 The moderns cannot use the prison-yard,—
 By law they work, and walk, and toil in spite,
 Yet ne'er exceed *two feet* from morn till night.

On a Parson who fell asleep at a Party.

STILL let him sleep, still let us talk, my friends,—
When next he preaches we'll have full amends.

For Better, for Worse.

“NAY, prithee, dear Thomas, ne'er rave thus and
curse;

Remember you took me ‘for better, for worse.’”

“I know it,” quoth Thomas, “but then, madam, look
you,—

You prove, upon trial, much worse than I took you.”

Sent to a Friend on receiving a Brace of Woodcocks.

My thanks I'll no longer delay

For birds which you've shot with such skill;

But, though there was nothing to pay,

Yet each of them *brought in a bill!*

I mean not, my friend, to complain,

The matter was perfectly right;

And, when *bills* such as these come again,

I'll always *accept them at sight.*

*Written by the late Dr. Walcott, on being advised by
Dr. Geach to drink Afs's Milk, the latter declaring
that it had been of great service to himself.*

AND, Doctor, do you really think

That afs's milk I ought to drink?

'Twould quite remove my cough, you say,

And drive all old complaints away.

It cured yourself—I grant that's true,

But then 'twas *mother's milk* to you.

To the Author of a poor Sonnet on the River Dee.

Had I been U,
And in the Q,
As it would have been easy to B,
I'd have let you C,
Whilst sipping my T,
Far better lines on the D.

Balance of Europe.

Now *Europe's* balanced, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

SWIFT.

Dialogue. Between Harry, who had a better Library than Understanding, and Dick, who had a better Understanding than Library.

QUOTH Harry, to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd thy head!"
"What wilt thou give for it?" Dick replied,
"The bargain's quickly made."
"My head, and all my books, I'd give,
With readinefs and freedom."
"I'd take thy books; but with thy head
I fear I ne'er could read 'em."

A Goose's Reason.

A GOOSE, my grannum one day said,
Entering a barn pops down its head;
I begg'd her then the cause to show;
She told me she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know.

A Ready Answer.

SAYS Jack Wilkes to a lady, "Pray name, if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man?"
The lady replied, "If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you."

The Squabble.

SAYS Richard to Joe, "Thou'rt a very sad dog,
And thou can't write verses no more than a log."
Says Joseph to Dick, "Prithee, ring-rhime, get hence,
Sure my verse, at least, is as good as thy sense."
Was e'er such a contest recorded in song?
The one's in the right; and the other's not wrong.

Female Failings.

SEVEN times a day the just men sin;
So speaks the sage, our hearts to soften:
Well, the just women, they fall in!
Aye, but no sage can tell how often.

A Man of Courage.

SIR Prim, a doughty man of war,
Who likes to see the foe from far,
Once, being in a lonely place,
Show'd signs of fear in limbs and face;
His friend, perceiving him look pale,
Cries, "Captain! What? does courage fail?"
The hero stiffly does deny
The charge, and makes this bold reply;
"I dread not man, nor sword, nor gun;
But, zounds! I'm lame, and cannot run."

*Nosce Teipsum—Know Thyself—an Exception. From
the Chinese of Confucius.*

I've not said so to *you*, my friend, and I'm not going,
“*You* may find so many people better worth knowing.”

The Kings of Europe.

WHY, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
All mankind do, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jester's place.

*On bearing of the Marriage of a Fellow of All Souls'
College.*

SILVIO, so strangely love his mind controls,
Has, for *one single body*, left *All Souls*.

A Natural Prejudice.

A CAMBRIDGE Soph, just freed from band and gown,
Went to the sermon, with his friend in town.
The doctor, not a *Sherlock*, I suppose,
Soon lull'd his audience to a sweet repose;
When now the slumbrous charm was at an end,
Up starts *Cantab*, and wakes his drowsy friend.
He rubb'd his eyes, and cursed the stupid preacher,
“And pray,” says he, “d'ye know this learned teacher?”
“No!” cries the Soph, “but, ere the drone began,
I guess'd our fate—for he's an *Oxford* man.”

Dame Fortune.!

BAD fortune is a fancy ; she is just :
Gives the *poor* hope ; and sends the *rich* distrust.

Presents.

A HAMPER I received of wine,
“ As good,” Dick says, “ as e’er was tasted.”
And Dick may be supposed to know,
For he contriv’d his matters so,
As every day with me to dine,
Much longer than the liquor lasted ;
If such are presents—while I live,
Oh ! let me not *receive*, but *give*.

The Law-suit.

A WEIGHTY law-suit I maintain ;
’Tis for three crab-trees in a lane.
The trees are mine, there’s no dispute,
But neighbour Quibble crops the fruit.
My counsel, Bawl, in studied speech,
Explores, beyond tradition’s reach,
The laws of Saxons and of Danes,
Whole leaves of Doomsday-book explains,
The origin of tithes relates,
And feudal tenures of estates.
If now you’ve fairly spoke your all,
“ One word about the crab-trees, Bawl ! ”

From Martial.

THOSE verses, Brawler, which thou’st read, are mine ;
But as thou’st read them *wrong*, they’ll pass for thine.

On Rogers the Poet, who was egotistical.

So well deserved is Rogers' fame,
That friends, who hear him most, advise
The egotist to change his name
To "Argus," with his hundred I's!

"Manners make the Man."

"THIS splendid dress was made for me ;"
Cries Sugar Plum, the saucy cit ;
Observers answer, "That may be,
But you were never made for it."

A Word and a Blow.

THOMAS is sure a most courageous man,
"A word and a blow," for ever is his plan ;
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,
He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

From Martial.

THOU speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee ;
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

The Promise kept.

THUS, with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend ;
"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend ;
I know thy fortune is but very scant ;
But, be assured, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Dick's soon confined—his friend, no doubt, would free
him :
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

Miracles not ceased.

THE prophet Balaam was in wonder lost
To hear his ass speak : asses now talk most.

On the Derivation of the word News.

THE word explains itself, without the muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes *news*.
From *north, east, west, south*, the solution's made,
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

Travellers defended.

'Tis stated by a captious tribe,
Travellers each other but transcribe ;
This charge to truth has no pretension,
For half they write's their own invention.

The Universal Devotion.

VARIOUS religions various tenets hold,
But all one god acknowledge—namely, *gold*.

*On two Butchers (their real names Bone and Skin) who
attempted to raise the Markets.*

Two butchers thin,
Call'd *Bone* and *Skin*,
Would starve the town, or near it ;
But, be it known
To *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *flesh* and *blood* won't bear it.

On a Globe of the World.

TRY ere you purchase ; hear the bauble ring ;
'Tis all a cheat, a hollow, empty thing.

On two Contractors for Rum and Grain.

To rob the public two contractors come ;
 One cheats in *corn*, the other cheats in *rum* ;
 Which is greater, if you can explain,
 A rogue in *spirit*, or a rogue in *grain* ?

Consolation.

TOM to a shrew lives link'd in wedlock's fetter,
 Yet let not Tom his stars too sorely curse :
 As there's no hope his wife will e'er be better,
 So there's no fear she ever can be worse.

The Lawyer and Client.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
 Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
 "Say," cries the losing client, "how came *you*
 To be such friends, who were such foes just *now* ?"
 "Thou fool !" one answers, "lawyers, though so keen,
 Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between."

On B——, Bishop of Durham, and Barrington, the Pickpocket.

Two names of late, in a different way,
 With spirit and zeal did bestir 'em,
 The one was transported to *Botany Bay*,
 The other translated to *Durham*.

On Coleridge's Poem, "The Ancient Mariner."

YOUR poem must eternal be,
 Dear sir, it cannot fail ;
 For 'tis incomprehensible,
 And without head or tail.

From Martial. Imitated.

WHEN Clodius at your board extols
The luscious haunch, or ham and fowls,
You rank him 'mongst your friends—'tis true
He loves your venison, but not you;
And could I like your lordship dine,
He'd be as warm a friend of mine.

Vulgar Natures.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar natures;
Use them kindly they rebel;
Be as rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

Two *Congreves*, at two different periods born,
In different ways their country did adorn.
One peacefully display'd each comic flight,
The other higher soars 'midst war and fight;
The squibs of one could but assail men's pockets,
But blood and death attend the other's rockets.

Diffimilar Similitude.

SATYRS and Fawns on Tempe's lawns
Crept forth from holes and corners;
But now-a-days how wide the space
'Twixt *satirists* and *fawners*.

On a Caricature, in which three Westminster Boys appear placed in a Pair of Scales, outweighing an equal number of Etonians.

WHAT mean ye, by this print so rare,
 Ye wits, of Eton jealous,
 But that we soar aloft in air,
 While ye are heavy fellows?

CANNING.

Reply to the same, by Theodore Hook.

CEASE, ye Etonians! and no more
 With rival wits contend,
 Feathers, we know, will float in air,
 And bubbles will ascend.

On Craven Street.

IN Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
 And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base;
 Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
 There's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

JAMES SMITH.

Reply to the same, by Sir George Rose.

WHY should honesty seek any safer retreat,
 From the lawyers, or barges, odd rot 'em?
 For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
 And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

Love of Home.

FOR a hatred to home Peter needs no réproof,
 He's always at home, save beneath his own roof.

On Shelley's Poem, "Prometheus Unbound."

SHELLEY styles his new poem, "*Prometheus Unbound*,"
 And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round ;
 For surely an age would be spent in the finding
 A reader so weak as to *pay for the binding*.

T. Hook.

*On Mr. Coke's (Earl of Leicester) Second Marriage.—
 Interesting to Gasmen.*

WHEN the *coal* is consumed, how great are the gains
 To be made, as we know, from the *coke* that remains!
 The reverse may, however, sweet Anna console,
 When her *Coke* shall be gone, she will still have the
coal!

T. Hook.

On Mr. Milton, the Livery Stable-keeper.

Two Miltons, in separate ages were born,
 The cleverer Milton 'tis clear we have got ;
 Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not!

Hook.

*On the Departure of a certain Count for Italy, whence
 he sent some Italian Music in score for the Opera.*

HE has quitted the Countess, what can she wish more ?
 She loses one husband, and gets back a *score*.

S. ROGERS.

"ATTEND your Church," the parson cries ;
 To Church each fair one goes ;
 The old go there to close their eyes,
 The young to eye their clothes.

A Lecture on Heads.

“To this night’s masquerade (quoth Dick)
 By pleasure I am beckon’d,
 And think t’would be a jolly trick
 To go as *Charles the Second*.”

TOM felt for repartee a thirst,
 And thus to Richard said :
 “You’d better go as *Charles the First*,
 For that requires *no head*.”

Time Enough.

A CLERICAL prig, who one morn join’d the chase,
 For which he had always an itching,
 Was thrown from his horse, and fell flat on his face,
 A dangerous, dirty, deep ditch in.

Each Nimrod that pass’d him for help loud did cry,
 But onward all eagerly panted ;
 The whipper-in lustily roars, “Let him lie !
 Till Sunday he will not be wanted.”

The Gambler.

“To fortune I but little owe,”
 A losing gamester cried ;
 “Be thankful, then, for all must know,
 You owe enough beside.”

On One who married his Mistress.

“God’s noblest work’s an *honest man*,”
 Says Pope’s instructive line ;
 To make an *honest woman*, then,
 Most surely is divine.

Carding and Spinning.

To *spin* with art, in ancient times, has been
 Thought not beneath the lady, nay, the queen.
 From that employ our maidens had the name
 Of *spinster*, which the moderns never claim.
 But since to *cards* each damsel turns her mind,
 And to that dear delight is so inclined,
 Change the old name of *spinster* to a harder,
 And let each dashing belle be call'd a *carder*.

Pythagorean Philosophy.

POOR *Peter* was in ocean drown'd,
 A harmless quiet creature ;
 And when at length his corpse was found
 It had become *salt-petre*.

A Miser's Will.

"I GIVE and devise" (old Euclio said)
 "My lands and tenements to Ned."
 "Your money, Sir?" "My money! Sir, what all?
 Why, well, then, if I must—I give it Paul."
 "The manor, Sir?" "The manor! hold!" he cried,
 "I will not, cannot part with that,"—and died.

POPE.

*To Lord Nelson; by Peter Pindar, with his Lordship's
 Night-cap, that caught fire on the Poet's Head, as he
 was reading in bed.*

TAKE your night-cap again, my good Lord, I desire,
 For I wish not to keep it a minute ;
 What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there is fire,
 Is sure to be instantly in it.

The Client, from the Latin of Owen.

CLIENTS returning, before thieves may sing,
For *back* from *London* they can't money bring.

“*Nec Pluribus impar.*”—On a very bad Book. From
the Latin of Melancthon.

A THOUSAND blots would never cure this stuff;
One might, I own, if it were large enough.

The Gay Widow.

HER mourning is all make-believe;
'Tis plain there's nothing in it;
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
The while she's laughing in it.

Courage misplaced.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life;
Tom's three nearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice:
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent all the trio a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, and thrice ventured his life,
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

SWIFT.

A Reason for running away.

OWEN Moore has run away,
Owing more than he can pay.

Irish Wit:—Repartee.

A PAT, an old joker, and Yankee, more fly,
 Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by ;
 Said the Yankee to Pat, " If I don't make too free,
 Give the gallows its due, and pray where would you be ?"
 " Why, honey," says Pat, " faith, that's easily known ;
 I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."

Typographical Wit.

" Ho ! Tommy," bawls Type, to a brother in trade,
 " The ministry are to be *changed*, it is said."
 " That's good," replied Tom, " but it better would be
 With a trifling erratum." " What ?" " Dele the c."

The Inquest.

POOR Peter Pike is drown'd, and, neighbours say,
 " The jury mean to sit on him to-day."
 " Know'st thou what for ?" said Tom. Quoth Ned,
 " No doubt,
 'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out."

Optical Delusions.

TOM runs from his wife to get rid of his trouble ;
 He drinks,—and he drinks,—till he sees all things double ;
 But, when he has ceased the dire potions to mingle,
 Oh, what would he give to see himself *single* !

Beauty and the Beasts.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
 As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;
 But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
 That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

SWIFT.

A Wig-gish Pun.

"No *beirs* have I," said mournful Matt ;
 But Tom, still fond of gig,
 Cried out, "No hairs ? don't fret at that,
 When you can buy a wig."

Written on a Window, under a Vow against Matrimony.

THE lady who this resolution spoke,
 Wrote it on glass, to show it *might* be broke.

On our imitating the French.

THE formal ape endeavours, all he can,
 With antic tricks to imitate a man ;
Parisian fops no less ambitious seem
 To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
 From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
 These mimic apes,—and we but mimic these.

On a Fair Pedant.

THOUGH Artemisia talks by fits,
 Of councils, fathers, classics, wits,
 Reads Malebranche, Boyle, and Locke ;
 Yet in some things methinks she fails ;—
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

The Parson confuted.

You tell us, Doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal* !
 We to your practice from your text appeal.
 You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap ; and, pray,
 From dull companions don't you *steal* away ?

The Victory.

UNHAPPY Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
 Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer :
 Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
 And injured still the more, the more he spoke :
 At length, resolved his potent foe to awe,
 And guard his right, by statute and by law,
 A suit in Chancery the wretch begun :
 Nine happy terms, through bill and answer, run,
 Obtain'd his cause, had costs, and was undone.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's Poem, "Job."

POOR *Job* lost all the comforts of his life,
 And hardly saved a potthard and a wife.
 Yet *Job* blest'd Heav'n, and *Job* again was blest :
 His virtue was assay'd—and bore the test.
 But, had Heaven's wrath pour'd out its fiercest phial,
 Had he been *thus* burlesqued, without denial,
 The patient man had yielded to that trial :
 His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
 Must have prevail'd—*Job* had *blasphemed* and died.

On the same.

THY satire's harmless—'tis thy prose that kills,
 When thou prescrib'st thy potions and thy pills.

To a Painted Lady.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
 And nature's failing honestly confess :
 Double we see those faults which art would mend,
 Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
 Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best :
 Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
 With serious rancour, and true *Christian* spite :
 But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,
 Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're mine.

On an Ugly Lady that patched much.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes :
 I own that patching's requisite for you,
 For more we're pleased, if less your face we view :
 Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
 Wear but one patch, but be that patch a *mask*.

*On Dr. Evans's cutting down a Row of Trees at
 St. John's College, Oxford.*

INDULGENT Nature on each kind bestows
 A secret instinct to discern its foes :
 The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox ;
 Lambs fly from wolves ; and sailors steer from rocks.
Evans, the gallows, as his fate, foresees,
 And bears the like antipathy to trees.

The Merry Mourner.

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onward they prest,
 Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,
 " Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure ;
 For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure ! "

A Proper Retort.

A HAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets
 A scholar, him thus insolently greets :
 “ *Base men* to take the *wall* I ne’er permit ; ”
 The scholar said, “ I do, and gave HIM it.”

Untainted Honour.

A LATE regulation requires that no stain
 Taint the blood of the gentleman pensioners’ train :
 This honour I doubt, then, will fall to the ground ;
 For who, sprung from *Adam*, untainted is found ?

From Martial.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows :
 Th’ obedient tear at ev’ry visit flows.
 No mourner he, who must by praise be fee’d !
 But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed !

From the same.

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting fyren, in thy tongue ;
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured ;
 But when the candle enter’d—I was cured.

From the same.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine ;
 Or take thee to their country-seat,
 To make their dogs, or bless their meat—
 Ah ! dream not on preferment soon ;
 Thou’rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

HOADLEY.

*On Bardella, the celebrated Mantuan Thief; from
the Latin of Owen.*

A MONK, Bardella to be hang'd cheer'd up ;
And said,—“ To-night in heaven thou shalt sup.”
Bardel replied,—“ This I keep fasting-day,
If you please to accept my place, you may.”

On the Picture of Charles the Second.

BEHOLD a witty foolish king
Whose faith no man relies on !
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

ROCHESTER.

*On a full-length Portrait of Beau Nash, placed in the
Rooms at Bath between the busts of Sir I. Newton
and Pope.*

IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find :
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength :
Wisdom and wit are *little* seen,
But folly at *full* length.

The Plagiary.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites ;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes ;
And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
A *modest* man may like what's not his own.

On the Grub-street Writers.

OF old, when the wags attack'd Colley Cibber,
 As player, as bard, and odaic wine-bibber,
 To a friend that advis'd him to answer their malice,
 And check, by reply, their extravagant fallies ;
 " No, no," quoth the laureate, with a smile of much glee,
 " They write for a dinner, which they sha'nt get from
 me."

On Critics.

A POEM read without a name,
 They justly praise, or justly blame :
 For Critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse.

SWIFT.

*On seeing a Bishop go out of Church, in the time of
 Divine Service, to wait on the Duke of Dorset on his
 coming to Town.*

LORD PAM in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd
 down,

When told that the Duke had just come to town,
 His station despising, unawed by the place,
 He flies from his God to attend on his grace ;
 To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no hand in his lordship's promotion.

From Martial.

You ask me why I have no verses sent ?
 For fear you should return the compliment.

LIE on ! while my revenge shall be,
 To speak the very truth of thee.

On Rogers's Poem, "Italy."

OF Rogers's "Italy," Luttrell relates,
 'Twould surely been dish'd if 'twere not for the plates.

On Lord Chesterfield and his Son.

VILE Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
 In twice two hundred places,
 Has shown his son the road to hell,
 Escorted by the Graces.

But little did th' ungenerous lad
 Concern himself about them;
 For, base, degenerate, meanly bad,
 He sneak'd to hell without them.

On seeing the Words "Domus Ultima," inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in Chester Cathedral.

DID he, who thus inscribed the wall,
 Not read, or not believe St. Paul,
 Who says there is, where'er it stands,
 Another house, not made with hands?
 Or, may we gather from these words,
 That house is not a House of Lords?

CLARKE.

Mankind.

MAN is a very worm by birth,
 Vile reptile, weak and vain!
 Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

SWIFT.

On T. Moore's Poems.

Lalla Rookh
 Is a naughty book
 By Tommy Moore,
 Who has written four ;
 Each warmer
 Than the former,
 So the most recent
 Is the least decent.

SNEYD.

*On the late Lord Chancellor Wedderburne, Lord
Loughborough.*

To mischief train'd e'en from his mother's womb,
 Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
 Adopting arts by which gay villains rise
 And reach the heights which honest men despise,
 Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
 A pert, prim prater, of the Northern race,
 Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face.

CHURCHILL.

A PRINCE can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that.

BURNS.

On the Funeral of a Rich Miser.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
 Who, in his lifetime, saved a candle's end!

On Lord Cadogan.

By fear unmoved, by shame unawed,
 Offspring of hangman and of bawd ;
 Ungrateful to the ungrateful men he grew by,
 A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring, bloody, booby.
ATTERBURY.

The Fate of Poets.

SMYRNA, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos,
 Athenæ;
 Cedite, jam cœlum patria Mæonidæ est.
SANNAZARIUS.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
 Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

On the late Bishop Warburton.

HE was so proud that should he meet
 The twelve Apostles in the street,
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall !
 Who was so mean (meanness and pride
 Still go together side by side)
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
 And hold a stirrup for the devil ;
 If on a journey to his mind,
 He'd let him mount and ride behind ;
 Who basely fawn'd through all his life,
 For patrons first, then for a wife ;
 Wrote Dedications which must make
 The heart of every Christian quake.

CHURCHILL.

On the setting up Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

On the late King's Statue on the top of Bloomsbury Spire.

THE King of *Great Britain* was reckon'd before
The Head of the Church by all good Christian people:
His subjects of *Bloomsbury* have added one more
To his titles, and made him the Head of the Steeple.

Flattery exposed.

A PRINCE, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
But, once you fix him in the tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
His panegyrics then are ceased,
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast.
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell.

On One Ignorant and Arrogant.

THOU may'st of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

COWPER.

On the Celebrated Duke of Marlborough.

THIS world he cumber'd long enough,
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a stink.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that? his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day;
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he died.
 Come hither, all ye empty things!
 Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
 Who float upon the tide of state;
 Come hither and behold your fate!
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke
 How very mean a thing's a duke;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SWIFT.

Martial. Imitated.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
 And I must dine with Lady Anne;
 A silver service loads the board;
 Of eatables a slender hoard.
 "Your pride, and not your victuals, spare!
 I came to dine, and not to stare."

DR. HOADLEY.

On a dull Preacher, whose Text was, "Watch and pray."

By our preacher perplex'd,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the text,
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

The Remedy Worse than the Disease.

I SENT for Radcliffe: was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed a pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

PRIOR.

Character of an Old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert:
Affecting passions vice has long subdued;
Desperately gay, and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in *folly*, deem'd a *wit*.

On a Company of BAD Dancers to GOOD Music.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled—and so danced the brutes.

*Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his books in favour of
a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou did'st thy system learn ;
From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grafs ;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor ! our new prescription try,
(A friend's advice forgive ;)
Eat grafs, reduce thyself, and die ;
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter : Reply.

My system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend ;—
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be ;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive ;
'Tis nat'ral you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

Tom Paine and Cobbett.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
 Will. Cobbett has done well ;
 You visit him on earth again,
 He'll visit you in hell.

BYRON.

The Mutual Vouchers.

CARLO, you say, writes well, suppose it true ;
 You pawn your word for him, who'll vouch for you.
 So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
 To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

Lines written on a Pane of Glass at an Inn.

DUST is lighter than a feather,
 The wind much lighter is than either :
 But, alas ! frail womankind
 Is far much lighter than the wind.

Friend, you mistake the matter quite !
 How can you say that woman's light ?
 Poor Comus swears, throughout his life,
 His *heaviest* plague has been a wife.

Applicable to Many.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
 Sent me ten guineas. "Come," said I,
 "Give me a pen, it is but fair
 You take my note." Quoth he, "Hold there,
 Jack ! to the cash I've bid adieu ;
 No need to waste my paper too."

On the Barrenness of the Highlands.

HAD *Cain* been *Scot*, God had reversed his doom ;
Nor forced to wander, but confined at home.

The Swift and the Frenchman.

To a Swift, a gay Frenchman in company said,
“ Your soldiers are forced, Sir, to fight for their bread,
Whilst for honour alone the French rush to the field,—
So your motives to ours, Sir, must certainly yield.”
“ By no means,” cried the other ; “ pray why should
you boast ;
Each fights for the thing he’s in need of the most.”

The Suicide. By Martial.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—the brave lives on.

On the Invention of Gunpowder. From the German Epigrams.

King. Friend Kunz, I’ve heard grave people mention
Gunpowder as the devil’s invention.

Kunz. Whoe’er inform’d you so was drunk ;
’Twas first invented by a monk.

King. Well, well, no matter for the name ;
A monk, or devil—’tis much the same.

Midas and his Opposites.

MIDAS, they say, possess’d the art, of old,
Of turning whatsoe’er he touch’d to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease ;
Touch them with gold, they’ll turn to what you please.

Gratitude.

IF Ben to Charles a legacy has given,
The grateful Charles now wishes him in heaven.

The Real Wonder.

I WONDER'D not when I was told
The venal Scot his country fold ;
But this I very much admire,
Where on earth he found a buyer.

*On Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of
Buckingham.*

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies ;
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries.
Of these two noted peers, I prithee, say man,
Which is the lying knave—the priest or layman ?
The Duke he stands an infidel confess'd ;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the holy priest.
The Duke the knave, still brother, dear, he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lies ?

Equality.

I DREAM'D, that, buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay ;
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried :
"Scoundrel, begone ! and henceforth touch me not ;
More manners learn ; and at a distance rot !"
"How ! scoundrel !" in a haughtier tone, cried he ;
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words, and thee ;
Here all are equal ; now thy case is mine ;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

He knows Himself.

FITZ to the peerage knows he's a disgrace ;
So mounts the coach-box as his proper place.

Moral Arithmetic.

FLAM, to my face, is oft too kind,
He over-rates both worth and talents :
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart—to strike the balance.

Diamond cut Diamond.

A YORKSHIRE man ! and ostler still !
Ere this you might have been,
Had you employ'd your native skill,
Landlord, and kept the inn.
“ Ah, Sir ! ” quoth John, “ here 'twill ne'er do,
For, dang it, meyster's Yorkshire too ! ”

On a Dutch Vessel refusing to take up Major Money.

BENEATH the sun nothing, there's nothing that's new ;
Though Solomon said it, the maxim's not true.
A Dutchman, for instance, was heretofore known
On *lucre* intent, and on *lucre* alone.
Mynheer is grown honest, retreats from his prey,
Won't pick up e'en *Money*, though dropp'd in his way.

The Miser.

THIRSTY Tantalus, standing chin-deep in the river,
Sees the water glide from him, untasted, for ever :
And were Harpagus plunged in his gold to the chin, he,
Though to 'scape from starvation, would ne'er touch a
guinea.

From Buchanan.

DOLETUS writes verses and wonders—ahem!
When there's nothing in *him*, that there's nothing in
them.

*On the Rev. L. Eachard's and Bishop Gilbert
Burnet's Histories.*

GILL's History appears to me
Political anatomy :
A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His sharp and strong incision pen
Historically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Lawrence proceeds another way,
And well-dress'd figures does display :
His characters are all in flesh,
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh ;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive :
He waxwork made to please the sons,
Whose fathers were Gill's skeletons.

Law and Physic.

If mortals would, as Nature dictates, live,
They need not fees to the physician give.
If men were wise, they need not have their cause
Pleaded, prolong'd by the ambiguous laws.
Bartolus might, feeless, go to bed,
And mice corrode Hippocrates unread.

On a Lady who was painted ; from the Latin.

It sounds like paradox—and yet 'tis true,
You're like your picture, though it's not like you.

*On the Coffins of Dr. Sacheverell and Sally Salisbury
being found together in the Vault of St. Andrews.*

Lo ! to one grave consign'd, of rival fame,
A reverend doctor and a wanton dame.
Well for the world both did to rest retire,
For each, while living, set mankind on fire.
A fit companion for a high-church priest :
He non-resistance taught, and she profest.

The Parson versus the Physician.

How D.D. swaggers,—M.D. rolls !
I dub them both a brace of noddies ;
Old D.D. takes the care of souls,
And M.D. takes the care of bodies.
Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure !
One takes the cure without the care,
T'other the care without the cure.

On a Ventriloquist.

THE stomach is a thrifty thing ;
So Juvenal of old did sing :
I deem'd his saying was not sooth ;
But now experience proves its truth :
For here is one whose stomach's feats
Procure the food his stomach eats.

A Good Hearing.

"I HEARD last week, friend *Edward*, thou wast dead."

"I'm very glad to hear it too," cries *Ned*.

The Papal Aggression.

WITH Pius, Wiseman tries

To lay us under ban :

O Pius, man unwise !

O impious Wise-man !

The World's Judgment.

FROM your home and your wife every evening you fly,

Yet, "Oh, he's a respectable man," people cry ;

And you gamble and swear and drink hard every day,

Yet, "Oh, he's a respectable man," neighbours say ;

And your sons quite as loose as their fathers are grown,

Yet, "Oh, he's a respectable man," says the town.

If the morals of men by such measure you scan,

Please to tell us who's not a respectable man ?

Next door to a Brute.

"To drink and love," said *Daphnis*, "is my plan,

For life is short, and I am but a man."

"Nay, *Daphnis*, not so fast ; for, thus inclined,

In form a man, you're but a beast in mind."

A false Face true.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks

I must and will deny ;

They say their master is a knave ;

And sure they do not lie.

BURNS.

The Riddle read.

WHAT means old Hesiod? Half exceeds the whole?
 Read me the riddle, there's a clever soul.
 Phyllis, the answer in yourself appears;
 For twenty-five you'd give your fifty years.

A Dilemma.

I'VE lost the comfort of my life,
 Death came and took away my wife;
 And now I don't know what to do,
 Lest Death should come, and take me too.

On Lord Dundonald.

You fight so well, and speak so ill,
 Your case is somewhat odd,
 Fighting abroad you're quite *at home*,
 Speaking at home—*abroad*.

Therefore your friends, than hear yourself,
 Would rather of you hear;
 And that your name in the *Gazette*,
 Than *Journals*, should appear.

The Universities.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
 In learning and science so greatly abound;
 Since some carry thither a little each day,
 And we meet with so few who bring any away.

Swift's Endowment of a Lunatic Hospital.

"GREAT wits to madness sure are near allied,"
 This makes the Dean for kindred thus provide.

To an Unfortunate Poet.

UNTHRIFTY wretch ! why still confine
 Thy soul and homage to the *Nine* ?
 'Tis time to bid the *Nine* begone,
 And now take care of number *one*.

To a Briefless Barrister.

IF, to reward them for their various evil,
 All lawyers go hereafter to the devil ;
 So little mischief thou dost from the laws,
 Thou'lt surely go below without a cause.

On Quacks.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may, by good luck, to be sure,
 Blunder out, at haphazard, a desperate cure,
 In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
 Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd :
 All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it,
 If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it :
 But there's reason to think *they might save more lives still*,
 Did they *publish a list of the numbers they kill*.

The April Fool.

“ This,” Richard says, “ is April-day,
 And though so mighty wise you be,
 A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,
 Ere night I make a fool of thee.”

“ A fool I may be, it is true,
 But, Dick (cries Tom), ne'er be afraid,
 No man can make a fool of you,
 For you're a fool already made.”

Advice to a Dramatist.

YOUR comedy I've read, my friend,
 And like the *half* you *pilfer'd* best;
 But sure the drama you might mend;
 Take courage, man, and *steal the rest!*

Retaliation.

WHEN we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest
 frowns,
 How we smile at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns,
 But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
 Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

To a Lawyer.

READ o'er a will, was't ever known
 But you could make that will your own;
 For when you read 'tis with intent
 To find out meanings never meant.

GAY.

The Will.

JERRY dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
 Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defamed:
 "What!" cries she, "must I suffer because the old knave
 Without leaving a will, is laid snug in the grave?"
 "That's no wonder," says one, "for 'tis very well known,
 Since he married, poor man, he'd *no will of his own.*"

To Doctor Abel —, in his Sickness.

ABEL! prescribe thyself; trust not another:
 Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his *brother!*

To Lord ——.

WE thought you without titles great,
 And wealthy with a small estate,
 While, by your humbler self alone,
 You seem'd unrated and unknown.
 But now, on Fortune's swelling tide
 High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
 Of grandeur vain, and fond of self;
 'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

Churchill, the Poet, dissected; written in 1764.

A MAN, without one feeling for his kind;
 Without one seed of goodness in his mind:
 Intent, on all he hates, to pour his rage,
 Respecting neither merit, rank, nor age:
 His characters to his own manners suits;
 A *bear*, exhibiting a show of brutes:
 But deviates from Satire's moral plan,
 He makes a monster whom God made a man;
 And, while by slanders foul he courts applause,
 Appears the very villain that he draws.

The Alternative.

IN heat of youth, poor Jack engaged a wife,
 Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for life;
 Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day;
 Grew sick at length—and just expiring lay:
 To which sad crisis having brought the matter,
 "To wed or die"—Jack wisely chose the latter.

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching made a sport :
 He soon perceived his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The doctor stopp'd ; began to call,
 " Pray, wake the Earl of Lauderdale ;
 My lord ! why, 'tis a monstrous thing !
 You snore so loud,—you'll wake the king."

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR GODFREY and Radcliffe had one common way
 Into one common garden—and each had a key.
 Quoth Kneller, " I'll certainly stop up that door,
 If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
 " Your threats," replies Radcliffe, " disturb not my ease,
 And, so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
 " You're smart," rejoins Kneller, " but say what you
 will,
 I'll *take* anything *from* you—but potion or pill."

*On seeing the wife of Sir Ralph Payne in tears, which
 she said were caused by the death of her monkey.*

ALAS ! poor Ned ;
 My monkey's dead ;
 I had rather by half
 It had been Sir Ralph.

SHERIDAN.

*Liberty in Danger. On the new Act against
Swearing, written in 1747.*

SINCE first the Norman* fix'd his standard here,
Britons have claim'd a right to curse and swear.
In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
Denounced damnation on a guilty land :
With "D—mn you, Jack !" each friend his friend still
greet ;
And "Blood and thunder !" echoes through our streets.
But stronger sanctions now our pulpits arm,
Prisons and mulcts th' abandon'd wretch alarm :
The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail ;
But ev'n a Captain trembles at a jail :
The loss of money, sure, though not of soul,
Must strike vice dumb, and blasphemy control :
Sailors themselves henceforth shall grow more civil,
And dread De Veil,† at least, though not the devil.

The Mother's Choice.

THESE panting damsels, dancing for their lives,
Are only maidens waltzing into wives.
Those smiling matrons are appraisers sly,
Who regulate the dance, the squeeze, the sigh,
And each base cheapening buyer having chid,
Knock down their daughters to the noblest bid !

AUSTIN.

* The Normans are supposed to have introduced this custom of swearing.

† An active Middlesex Justice at that time.

On Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury.

FOR close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 A daring pilot in extremity.
 Pleas'd with the danger when the waves ran high,
 He fought the storms: but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too near the sands to boast his wit.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.

New-made Honour. Imitated from Martial.

A FRIEND I met, some half-hour since—
 “Good morrow, Jack!” quoth I;
 The new-made knight, like any prince
 Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by;
 When up came Jem—“Sir John, your slave!”
 “Ah, James; we dine at eight—
 Fail not”—(low bows the supple knave)
 “Don't make my lady wait.”
 The king can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
 He's spoilt an honest tradesman, and my dinner.

*By the Author of the Ingoldsby Legends.**From Martial: Lib. ii. Epig. 20.*

PAUL so fond of the name of a poet is grown,
 With gold he buys verses, and calls them his own:
 Go on, Master Paul, nor mind what the world says;
 They are surely his own, for which a man pays.

*On the Death of Oliver Goldsmith and his
intended Monument.*

THE other day, Sam said to Ralph,
 "Who's to make Goldsmith's epitaph?"
 "None living can;" four Ralph replied,
 "He should have wrote it ere he died."

On Dr. Cade's dying by his own Recipe.

CADE, who had slain ten thousand men,
 With that small instrument, a pen,
 Being sick, unluckily he tried
 The point upon himself, and died.

On a Window.

THE glafs, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
 Dims and obscures our sight;
 So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
 It darkens reason's light.

SWIFT.

Another, at Chester.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very near a-kin;
 Both weather-beaten are without,
 And empty both within.

SWIFT.

On Pope Julius II. From the Italian of Buchanan.

THY father *Genoese*, thy mother *Greek*,
 Born on the seas: who truth in thee would seek?
 False *Greece*, *Liguria's* false, and false the sea;
 False all: and all their falsehoods are in thee.

On a Picture of a Martyrdom.

'Tis an exquisite martyrdom, *Dawb*, that you paint:
You murder the hangman as well as the saint!

The Prisoners.

"WE all are *innocent*," the prisoners cry;
"Believe us, none *here* willingly would *lie*."

Upon a Window where there was no Writing before.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James,
SWIFT.

The Royal Marriage Act, passed 1772, gave rise to many jeu-d'esprits, one of which is the following:—

Quoth Dick to Tom, "This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive:
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure, as well 'twas said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed."

Quoth Tom to Dick, "Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife."

On the Vowels.

WE are little airy creatures,
 All of different voice and features ;
 One of us in glafs is fet,
 One of us you'll find in jet.
 T'other you may fee in tin,
 And the fourth a box within.
 If the fifth you fhould purfue,
 It can never fly from you.

SWIFT.

To a Miserly Bachelor.

THOU art juft like a fnail, with thy treasure and pelf,
 Becaufe thou doft keep all thy houfe to thyfelf.

To Voltaire ; ridiculing Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death.

THOU art fo witty, profligate, and thin,
 At once we think thee, *Satan*, *Death*, and *Sin*.

Dr. Young.

On the Marriage of Ebenezer Sweet and Jane Lemon.

How happily extremes do meet in Jane and Ebenezer !
 She no longer four, but sweet, and he a Lemon
 squeezer.

The two Bifhops: from Durham to Oxford and back.

SAYS Cheefy to Soapy, "Your chaplains are Popey,
 Who knocks at my door other vouchers muft bring."
 SAYS Soapy to Cheefy, "Your ethics are eafy,
 You hold that preferment fhould come with a ring."

From PUNCH.

On seeing an old Abbey whitewashed.

How awful once thy ancient face,
 How spoilt by vain renewing;
 Of old, thy gravity was grace,—
 Now spruceness thy undoing.

Thou who wast once a reverend sage,
 Alike in fact and show,
 Art now ridiculous in age,
 And look'st a batter'd beau.

On Oxford Fees.

WHEN “Alma Mater” her kind heart enlarges,
 Charges her graduates, graduates her charges;
 What safer rule could guide the accountant's pen
 Than that of *doubling* fees for *Dublin* men.

REV. H. L. MANSELL.

The Churchwardens' Petition.

“PRITHEE, my Lord, from your new Cheese,*
 Some scanty parings take,
 And our poor Pastors' bread therewith
 More palatable make.”

The Bishop's Reply.

SAID Villiers, “Nothing can be spared
 For these three pious men:
 The Cheese that's with my daughter pair'd,
 Must not be pared again.”

From PUNCH.

* Son-in-law of the Bishop of Durham, who had given him a living valued at considerably more than 1000*l.* a-year.

More Bishops v. Better Pay for Curates.

A CERTAIN party's crying out,
"More bishops for our Church !
We must have more, or, without doubt,
Shall soon be in the lurch."

It is not bishops, I think, we need,
Of such we have a store ;
But let us raise, and help, and speed,
And give our *curates* more !

There's Sam of Oxford, famed for soap,
And Durham, famed for cheese,
Who roam about in stole and cope,
In rank, and wealth, and ease.

But look below ! see parson Wroe,
As learned quite as they,
But who can scarce the wants supply
Of every passing day.

With seedy coat, and seedy vest,
In pulpit he appears,
The ready butt of wittol's jest,
And wealth's all bitter sneers.

Follow him home—if home he has—
'Tis comfortless and cold.
Should this so be ? sad sight to see
So bare a Christian fold :

And this while palaces are rife !
Oh, Pope ! thou sure did'st jest,
When from thy tongue the sentence sprung,
"Whatever is is best."

Author unknown.

On Mr. Pitt's being pelted by the Mob, on Lord Mayor's-day, 1787.

THE City-feast inverted here we find,
For Pitt had his *desert* before he dined.

On Addington's Inefficient Cabinet.

IF blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French;
The first is the mouth of the river,
The second the Treasury Bench.

On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery.

ARE these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good *meat*—but the *devil sends cooks*.

D. GARRICK.

Pope, Devil, and Pretender.

OUR three great enemies remember,
The Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender.
All wicked, damnable, and evil,
The Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil.
I wish them all hung on one rope,
The Devil, the Pretender, and the Pope.

To a Lady who kept her Five-pound Notes in her Bible.

YOUR Bible, Madam, teems with wealth,
Within the leaves it floats;
Delightful is the sacred text,
But heavenly are the notes.

*Footman Tom and Dr. Toe.**

'TWIXT Footman Tom and Dr. Toe
 A rivalry befel,
 Which should become the fav'rite beau,
 And bear away the belle.

The Footman won the lady's heart;
 And who can wonder? No man:
 The whole prevail'd against the part—
 'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

HEBER.

On the same.

DEAR lady, think it no reproach,
 It show'd a generous mind,
 To take poor Thomas in the coach,
 Who rode *before behind*.

Dear lady, think it no reproach,
 It show'd you loved the more,
 To take poor Thomas in the coach,
 Who rode *behind before*.

Author unknown. From "Notes and Queries."

Reason why Wales has no Poet.

'TIS said, O Cambria, thou hast tried in vain
 To form great poets; and the cause is plain.
 Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans found
 Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found.

* Halliwell, called Dr. Toe from his lameness, was a Fellow of Brasenose College.

*On Gibbon's Promotion to the Board of Trade,
in 1779.*

KING GEORGE in a fright,
Left Gibbon should write
The story of Britain's disgrace,
Thought no means more sure
His pen to secure
Than to give the historian a place.

But his caution is vain,
'Tis the curse of his reign
That his projects should never succeed ;
Though he wrote not a line,
Yet a cause of decline
In our author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
O'erthrew the great empire of Rome ;
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

*On a Royal Librarian, who guarded Beauties he could
not enjoy.*

TOM Numscull's fitted, beyond measure,
For keeping safe the royal treasure ;
Learning to guard's the good man's lot,
Nor does he take of it a jot ;
He never has been e'en suspected,
And on him none was e'er detected.

*On observing some Names of little note recorded in the
Biographia Britannica.*

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot,
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age;
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

COWPER.

To an ugly, talkative Old Maid.

If you'd be married, first grow young;
Wear a mask; and hold your tongue.

To Philautus. From the Latin of Buchanan.

NARCISSUS loved himself we know,
And you, perhaps, have cause to show

Why you should do the same;
But he was wrong: and, if I may,
Philautus, I will say,

I think you more to blame.
He loved what others loved; while you
Admire what other folks eschew.

On the Donkeys of Brighton.

THOUGH Balaam's asfs got many a thwack,
 Yet was his fortune rare,
 He bore a Prophet on his back,
 And saw an *Angel* fair.

Is not your fortune far more bright,
 Ye Brighton donkeys, say?
 Who carry *Spirits** every night,
 And *Angels* every day?

The Modern Courtier. Vox populi, vox Dei.

PRAY say what's that which smirking trips this way,
 That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?
 Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword
 That supple servile thing? Oh! that's a Lord!
 You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
 Who should, with head, estate, and conscience clear,
 Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
 Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
 Surely those lords were of another breed
 Who met their monarch John at Runnimede;
 And, clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
 Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
 Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
 Their voice united is the voice of God.

The Abbey Church at Bath.

THESE walls, so full of monuments and bust,
 Show how Bath-waters serve to lay the dust.

* Donkeys were used in smuggling.

In Ducem Buckinghamiæ.

Dux and Crux are of a sound,
 Dux doth Rex and Grex confound :
 If Crux of Dux might have his fill,
 Then Rex with Grex might work their will :
 Five subsidies to ten would turn ;
 And Grex would laugh, that now doth mourn ;
 O Rex, thy Grex doth grievously complain
 That Dux bears Crux, and Crux not Dux again.

Vox Populi.

FELTON,* live for ever, for thou hast brought to dust
 Treason, murder, pride, and lust.

*From Notes taken out of an old MS. of Sir
 John Oglander—Charles I.'s reign.*

Advice to Painters.

COPY not Nature's form too closely
 Whene'er she treats your sitter grossly.
 As, for example, let us now suppose
 Thurlow's black scowl and Pepper Arden's nose.

From LORD CAMPBELL'S Lives of the Chancellors.

The Aristocrat.

PATRICIUS said, " While you've existence,
 Keep, son, plebeians at a distance."
 This speech a tailor overheard,
 And quick replied, " I wish, my Lord,
 You'd thus advised, before your son
 So deeply in my debt had run."

* Assassin of the Duke of Buckingham.

No Mortgage, no Cash.

"Tom, lend me fifty!" Tom's without a shilling.

"I'll give a mortgage," Tom's cash then is found.
To trust his old tried friend, Tom isn't willing,
But trusts implicitly his woods and ground.
Tom may ere long need counsel from a friend,
For *mortgage*, not for *me*, let Tom then send.

From a curious MS. of the middle of the seventeenth century, in Sion College Library.

A WOMAN faire I dare not wedd
For feare I weare Actæon's head.
A woman blacke is always proud,
A woman little always loud.
A woman that is tall of groth
Is always subject unto sloth;
For faire or foule, little or tall,
Some fault remaines amongst them all.

From the same. De Sanitate et Medico.

HEALTH is a jewel, true, which when we buy,
Physicians value it accordingly.

From the same. On a Woman that fell out with her Husband.

A WOMAN lately fiercely did assaile
Her husband with sharp tounge, but sharper nayle;
But one that heard and saw it, to her saide,
"Why do you use him thus, hee is your heade?"
"He is my heade, indeed," faith she, "'tis true;
Sir, I may scratch my heade, and so may you."

From the same.

A CERTAIN priest that had much gold
 Would lay it in a chest
 Within the chancel, and thereon .
 Did write, "Hic Deus est."
 A merry ladd whose greedy mind
 Did seek for such a prey,
 Neglecting much the reverend stile
 That on the casket lay,
 Took out the gold, and blotting out
 The p'son's name thereon,
 Wrote, "Resurrexit, non est hic,"
 Thy God has risen and gone.

*On Cæsar Borgia's adopting for his Motto, "Aut
 Cæsar, aut nihil."*

BORGIA Cæsar erat, factis et nomine Cæsar ;
 Aut nihil, aut Cæsar, dixit, utrumque fuit.

Translated by F. C. H.

BORGIA was Cæsar, both in deeds and name ;
 "Cæsar, or nought," he said ; he both became.

Notes and Queries, Sept. 1859.

The Worm Doctor.

VAGUS, advanced on high, proclaims his skill,
 By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill ;
 A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
 And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
 But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
 For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

RELPH.

*On Judge Grose condemning a Man convicted of
Bigamy to the payment of One Shilling.*

YE gentlefolks all, here's a secret worth knowing,
In Leicestershire wives are the cheapest things going.
To back my assertion this truth as fulfilling,
If you have a *Grose*, why you pay but a *shilling*.

On the Earls of Spencer and Sandwich.

Two noble earls whom, if I quote,
Some folks might call me sinner,
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.

The plan was good, as some will say,
And fitted to console one,
Because, in this poor starving day,
Few can afford a whole one.

On the same.

WHEN Tom Macaulay's Indian sits,
Where London's ruins stretch afar,
Little he'll think of England's fame,
Of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

Yet England's earls e'en then shall live,
Remember'd by our tawny censor,
Whilst yet he boasts his "*Sandwich*" box,
And wraps him in his "*Spencer*."*

* Spencer devised an overcoat without skirts, called after its inventor a *Spencer*, and much worn in former days by elderly gentlemen; and Sandwich brought into fashion the luncheon of seasoned meat between slices of bread and butter, which goes by his name.

From Notes and Queries.

On the Pun.

WHY a pun to define do you make so much pother?
 'Tis but to say one thing, while meaning another:
 And the truth of this axiom, the way to decide is,
 By rememb'ring its origin—"Punica fides."

From "Notes and Queries."

Mean Wit.

Too much or too little wit
 Do only render the owners fit
 For nothing, but to be undone
 Much easier than if they had none.

SAM. BUTLER.

On Voltaire.

THE path to bliss abounds with many a snare,
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare:
 The Frenchman first in literary fame,
 (Mention him, if you please,—Voltaire? the same)
 With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
 Lived long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died:
 The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew:
 An infidel in health, but what when sick?
 Oh, then a text would touch him at the quick:
 View him at Paris in his last career,
 Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere,
 Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
 And fumed with frankincense on every side,
 He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
 And smother'd in't at last, is praised to death.

COWPER.

On Dr. Hill, the Quack Doctor, who wrote some sad doggrel poetry. By a Junto of the Literary Club, with Garrick at their head.

THOU essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thy own physick, and read thy own rhymes.

Another; by the same.

THE wish should be in form reversed
To suit the doctor's crimes,
For if he takes his physick first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Answer to the Junto.

YE desperate Junto! ye great! or ye small!
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and them all;
Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fail.
I'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey—
Do you take the physick, and I'll take the money.

Fear.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in, like a snail,
That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains;
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the inside of their skulls.

SAM. BUTLER.

Sydney Smith's Advice when the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's complained of the delay in fixing the wood pavement.

WHY fret, and frit your time away,
Grumbling about this wooden way?
Just put your heads together, friends,
And in a trice we've means to ends.

REV. J. C. NAPLETON.

Successful Rogues.

ALL those who do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court-of-justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw
In all the idle bugbears of the law;
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

SAM. BUTLER.

NUBERE vis Prisco—non miror, Paulla—sapisti.
Ducere te non vult Priscus—et ille sapit.

To marry Peter Polly wisely tries.
Peter won't have her—Peter, too, is wise.

On Oxford. By Cowper, on being refused a Subscription to his Translation of Homer.

COULD Homer come himself, distress'd and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedycina's* door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim, I fear,
"Begone! no tramper gets a farthing here."

* Rhedycina was formerly a commonly accepted name for Oxford.

King Bladud and his Hogs.

WHEN Bladud once espied some hogs
 Lie wallowing in the steaming bogs,
 Where issue forth those sulphurous springs
 Since honour'd by more potent kings,
 Vex'd at the brutes alone possessing,
 What ought t' have been a common blessing,
 He drove them thence in mighty wrath,
 And built the stately town of Bath.
 The hogs, thus banish'd by their prince,
 Have lived in Bristol ever since.

REV. MR. GROVES, of *Claverton*.

*To Dr. Bentley, on his licentious and conceited
 Alterations of Milton.*

MILTON's intemperate studies oft by night
 Did but deprive him of organic fight;
 Thou hast obscured the rays of his bright mind,
 And now the book is like the author—blind.

On two Deans.

As Cyril* and Nathan† were walking by Queen's,
 Says Cyril to Nathan, "We two are both deans,
 And bishops perhaps we shall be!"
 Says Nathan, "You may; but as I never shall,
 I will take care of my little canal,
 And leave you to look for the See."

* Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church.

† Nathan Wetherall, Dean of Hereford, father of Sir Charles Wetherall, of Bristol notoriety, who had purchased many shares in the Oxford canal at a time of their extreme depreciation.

On the occasion of Mr. Baron Alder-son and Mr. Justice Patte-son, some years since, holding the Assizes at Cambridge, Mr. Gun-son was appointed to preach the Assize Sermon, when, next morning, the following lines were sent by the post to the Judges.

A BARON, a Justice, a Preacher, sons three,
The Preacher, a *son* of a Gun was he ;
The Baron, he is the *son* of a tree ;
Whose *son* the Justice is, I cannot well see,
But read him *Pater-son* ; and all will agree,
That the *son* of his father the Justice must be.

The Clown's Answer.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went ;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said—
“ I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed ! ”
“ Why, ay ! ” says Tom, still jogging on, “ that's true ;
Thank God ! *he* feeds me ; but I'm taught by *you*.”

On the Bibacity of Pitt and the Gambling of Fox.

ON folly every fool his talent tries ;
It asks some toil to imitate the wise ;
Though few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

Real Mourners.

WHEN all his fortune Harpax gave the poor,
His relatives were real mourners sure.

On Milton's Executioner, Bentley.

DID Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
 A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
 On Milton's verse does Bentley comment? Know
 A weak officious friend becomes a foe;
 While he would seem his author's fame to further,
 The murderous critic has avenged thy murder.

Woman's Will.

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these words:—
 "Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee."
 "If true," quoth Will, "the world none such affords:"
 And that 'tis true I dare her warrant be;
 For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
 But loved always best her own sweet will.

On Foote, the Actor.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes;
 Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
 His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport,
 Are all contain'd in this one word—distort.

On Shadwell, the Dramatic Poet.

MATURE in dulness from his tender years,
 Shadwell, alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity;
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

DRYDEN'S *Mac Flecknoe*.

Roman Catholic Confession.

A FATHER ask'd the priest his boy to bless,
 Who forthwith told him he must first confess;
 "Well," quoth the boy, "suppose I'm willing,
 What is your charge?" "To you it is a shilling."
 "Must all men pay? And all men make confession?"
 "Yes! every one of Catholic profession."
 "And whom do you confess to?" "Why, the dean."
 "And does he charge you?" "Yes! a whole thirteen."
 "And do the deans confess?" "Yes, boy, they do,
 Confess to bishops, and pay smartly too."
 "Do bishops, Sir, confess? if so, to whom?"
 "Why, they confess, and pay the Pope of Rome."
 "Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd.
 And does the Pope confess?" "Oh! yes, to God."
 "And does God charge the Pope?" "No," quoth
 the priest,
 "God charges nothing." "Oh! then, God is best.
 He is both able to forgive and willing—
 To Him I shall confess, and save my shilling."

True Benevolence.

"THE other day," says Ned to Joe,
 Near Bedlam's confines groping,
 "Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
 My hand is always open."

 "I own," says Joe, "that to the poor
 (You prove it ev'ry minute)
 Your hand is open, to be sure,
 But then there's nothing in it."

The Old Gentry.

THAT all from Adam first began
 Sure none but Whiston doubts ;
 And that his son, and his son's son,
 Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only diff'rence now,
 Some shot off late, some soon ;
 Your fires in the morning left off plough,
 And ours in th' afternoon.

DEAN SWIFT.

*On the Abbé Tencin.**

THOU priest of too seraphic zeal,
 Plague on thy power to convince,
 Who, teaching Law at mass to kneel,
 Made France do penance ever since.

On the New Foreign Office.

PAM, who with whitewash all London would splash,
 May jeer at the positive order of Nash ; †
 But the veto he puts upon Scott is far worse,
 Pam's negative order's a positive curse.

To a Friend in Distress ; from the Latin of Owen.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend,
 For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

COWPER.

* Tencin converted the charlatan Law to the Catholic faith, in order to qualify him for undertaking the financial plans of the Regent Orleans, which ended in the bankruptcy of the country.

† Scott and Nash, two eminent architects.

On E. Burke, for his hostility to Warren Hastings.

Ort have we wonder'd that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile has e'er yet been found ;
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work,
She saved her venom to create a *Burke*.*

Job's Luck.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience ;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,—
Still the fly devil did not take his spouse.

But heav'n, that brings out good from evil,
And likes to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold of all Job had before,
His children, camels, asses, cows,—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

On Erasmus.

ERASMUS, standing 'fore hell's tribune, said,
“ For writing jest I am in earnest paid.”
The judge replied, “ Jest's will in earnest hurt,
Sport was thy fault, then let thy pain be sport.”

* Burke was a native of Ireland, and was the most active and persevering of all W. H.'s enemies in a trial which lasted seven years.

A Choker for Church-Rate Abolition.

“WHERE’S Church-rate repeal?” Trelawny may cry—
Alas!—’tis hung up in last Wednesday’s tie.*

*Porson’s Epigram on his Academic Visits to
the Continent.*

I WENT to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn’d professor—Brunck :
I went to Worts, and got more drunken
With that more learn’d professor—Ruhncken.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

THERE’S a lie on thy cheek in its roses,
A lie echoed back by thy glass,
Thy necklace on greenhorns imposes,
And the ring on thy finger is brass.
Yet thy tongue, I affirm, without giving an inch back,
Outdoes the sham jewels, rouge, mirror, and pinchbeck.

From Buchanan.

A BEAUTIFUL nymph wish’d Narcissus to pet her,
But he saw in the fountain one *he* loved much better.
Thou hast look’d in his mirror and loved ; but they
tell us,
No rival will tease thee, so never be jealous.

* The result of the late division on Church-rates, equality of votes on either side, cannot but be said to constitute, between Churchmen and Dissenters, a connection which may be considered as forming a most intimate tie.

On Inclosures.

'Tis bad enough in man or woman
 To steal a goose from off a common ;
 But surely he's without excuse
 Who steals the common from the goose.

On Bishop Burnet.

IF heaven is pleased when sinners cease to sin,
 If hell is pleased when sinners enter in,
 If men are pleased at parting with a knave,
 Then all are pleased—for Burnet's in his grave.

Against Sheep-farming : a System introduced and carried to excess by the Monastic bodies, 1598.

SHEEPE have eate up our meadows and our downes,
 Our corne, our wood, whole villages and townes.
 Yea, they have eate up many wealthy men,
 Besides widowes, and orphane childeren :
 Besides our statutes and our iron lawes,
 Which they have swallow'd down into their maws.
 Till now I thought the proverbe did but jest,
 Which said a blacke sheepe was a biting beast.

Fourth Book of Chrestoleros, by T. B.

On Woman's Will.

THAT man's a fool who tries by art and skill,
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will ;
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, .
 And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Love.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
 By ignorance, by expectation fed ;
 Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
 Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

*On Lord Palmerston's Retirement from Lord
 John Russell's Ministry.*

NEVER fear, my Lord John, since Palmerston goes,
 That the popular breath you will catch less ;
 For, rid of that Lucifer, every one knows
 Your cabinet then will be matchless.

From Martial.

NEVER to sup without boar's-head, a noble gourmand
 swore ;
 Quite right, my Lord, where'er *you* sup, we'll always
 have a bore !

From the same.

You ask some copies of my poem :
 John Murray sells the book—you know him.
 You tell me you won't purchase trash :
 Nor I, for triflers, part my cash.

*On Two Bankrupt Bankers of Cork, named
 Gonne and Going.*

GOING and gone are now all one,
 For Gonne is going, and Going's gone.

*On Malone, who whitewashed Shakspeare's Tombstone,
and edited his Plays with Notes.*

STRANGER! to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone!
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And smears his tombstone, as he marr'd his plays.

GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

On the River Hans-sur-Lesse, in Belgium.

OLD Euclid may go to the wall,
For we've solved what he never could guess,
How the fish in the river are *small*,
But the river they live in is *Lesse*.

From "N. and Q."

Upon Anne ——'s Marriage with a Lawyer.

ANNE is an angel, what if so she be?
What is an *Angel* but a lawyer's Fee?*

*On Dr. Parr's place as Reader to Queen Caroline
being supplied by a gentleman of the
name of FELLOWES.*

THERE's a difference between
Dr. Parr and the Queen,
For the reason you need not go far;
The Doctor is jealous
Of certain little *Fellowes*,
Whom the Queen thinks much above *Par*!

* In former times there was a gold coin called an *Angel*, the value of which, being the exact amount of a lawyer's fee, gave birth to the above epigram.

On the Bankruptcy of a Person named Homer.

THAT *Homer* should a bankrupt be,
 Is not so very *Odd-d'ye-see* :
 If it be true, as I'm instructed,
 So *Ill-be-had* his books conducted.

On Mac-Adam, the Roadmaker.

“ My Essay on Roads,” quoth Mac-Adam, “ lies there,
 The result of a life's lucubration ;
 But does not the title-page look rather bare ?
 I long for a Latin quotation.”

A Delphin edition of Virgil stood nigh,
 To second his classic desire ;
 When the roadmaker hit on the shepherd's reply,
 “ Miror magis,” I rather *add*, mire.
“ N. and Q.”

On Rome.

HATE and debate Rome through the world hath spread,
 Yet Roma *amor* is, if backward read ;
 Then is it strange Rome hate should foster ? No !
 For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

On Mr. Gully being returned M.P. for Pontefract.

STRANGE is it, proud Pontefract's borough should fully
 Its fame by returning to parliament Gully.*
 The etymological cause, I suppose, is
 His breaking the bridges of so many noses.
HORACE SMITH.

* Gully was a prizefighter,

On the New Pavement in London, 1764.

THE Scottish new pavement deserves well our praise :
To the Scots we're obliged, too, for mending our ways ;
But this we can never forgive, for they say,
As that they have taken our *posts* all away.

The Bible under Fetters.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible well bound ;
Nor printed by Basket, and bound up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief, by the back.
Unacquainted with tone, and your quality airs,
I supposed it intended for family prayers.
His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to steal ;
But judge my surprise when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it for fear it would fly in his face.

See MSS. from Cumberland Journal, 1798.

Prudent Advice.

LET him who hates dancing ne'er go to a ball,
Nor him to the ocean whom dangers appal ;
Nor him to a feast who already has dined,
Nor him to a court who will speak out his mind.

Road to Poverty ; from the Greek.

THE broad highway to poverty and need
Is, much to build, and many mouths to feed.

*Forensic Jocularities. The History of a Case shortly
reported by a Master in Chancery.*

No. 1.—*A Chancery Suit.*

MR. LEACH made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong ;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.

Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew about what ;
Mr. Trower talk'd for an hour,
Sat down, fatigued, and hot.

Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without ;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said, *I doubt.*

SIR G. ROSE.

No. 2.—*Forensic Jocularity.*

A WOMAN, having a settlement,
Married a man with none ;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone.
Quoth Sir John Pratt, " Her settlement
Suspended did remain
Living the husband, but him dead,
It did revive again."

Chorus of Puisne Judges—

Living the husband, but him dead,
It did revive again.

From the Greek of Plato.

A MAN found a treasure ; and, what's very strange,
 Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange :
 The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief,
 Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

From the Greek : author unknown.

THE Muses to Herodotus one day
 Came, nine of them, and dined ;
 And, in return, their host to pay,
 They left a book behind.

Pre-Raffaelism.

IF at a distance you would paint a pig,
 Make out each single bristle of his back :
 Or, if your meaner subject be a wig,
 Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack ;
 Else all the lady-critics will so stare,
 And, angry, vow—" 'tis not a bit like hair !"

.

Claude's distances are too confused—
 One floating scene—nothing made out—
 For which he ought to be abused,
 Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
 Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
 And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
 With every feather of his tail and wing.

PETER PINDAR.

The Sage's Wit.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
 (Though for breakfast too savoury, I ween,)
 He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
 "What a breakfast of learning is mine!"
 "A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cried,
 And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
 "Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
 "When I'm making large extracts from Bacon?"

On Sir John Leach.

WHILE Lord Eldon was obtaining for his court the character of a court of *oyer sans terminer*, the conduct of the Master of the Rolls in *his* court of *terminer sans oyer* was thus celebrated by one as causeless as the cause:—

A JUDGE sat on the judgment bench,
 A jolly judge was he;
 He said unto the registrar,
 "Now call a cause to me."

"There is no cause," said Registrar,
 And laugh'd aloud with glee,
 "A cunning *Leach* hath dispatch'd them all,
 I can call *no* cause to thee."

On Sir John Leach going over from the Opposition to the Tories.

THE *Leach* you've just bought should first have been tried,
 To examine its nature and powers,
 You can hardly expect it will stick to *your* side,
 Having fall'n off so lately from ours.

Written on a Piece of Glass, the fiftieth of an Inch in length, and the two-hundredth of an Inch in width.

A POINT within an epigram to find,
In vain you often try ;
But here an epigram within a point
You plainly may descry.*

*Sent with a Couple of Ducks to a Patient. By
the late Dr. Jenner.*

I've dispatch'd, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss —— is very much better ;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

The Two Knots.

IF 'tis to marry when the knot is tied,
Why then they marry who at Tyburn ride ;
And if that knot till death is loosed by none,
Why then to marry and be hanged's all one.

* The above is in the possession of a member of the Microscopical Society. "N. and Q."

One is reminded by the above of Homer's Iliad in a nut, which refers to Pliny, book vii. chap. xxi, who says it was copied in so small a hand that the whole work could lie in a walnut-shell: "in nuce inclusam Iliada Homeri carmen, in membrana scriptum tradidit Cicero." Pliny's authority is Cicero apud Gellium, ix. 421. See also M. Huet's account of a similar experiment in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxxix. p. 347.

A Laureate Epigram, written by Canning or Porson.

POETIS nos lætatur tribus,
 Si vis anice scire quibus,
 Pye, Petro Pindar, *parvo** Pybus,
 Si ulterius ire pergis
 Addatur Sir James Bland Burges.

The rule in grammar, if you try,
 You there will find the pronoun *qui*
 Declining down to *quibus*.
 To poets the same laws apply ;
 So, if the first is Laureate Pye,
 The last is surely Pybus.

Modern Economy.

Tom taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
 He observed—" 'twas a big one, with windows too few.
 "As for that," replied Tim, "I'm the builder's forgiver,
 For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the *liver*."
 "True," says Tom, "as you live upon farthings and
 mites,
 For the *liver* 'tis good—but 'tis bad for the *lights*."

A Bit for Dinner.

As a man and his horse had just tarried one day
 At an inn, and the ostler was bringing some hay,
 Says the man, "It must be very irksome indeed,
 With bits in their mouths for the horses to feed."
 "Not at all," says the ostler, "unless I'm a sinner,
 I've a bit in my mouth every day at my dinner."

* He was named Charles *Small* Pybus.

*By an Old Gentleman, whose daughter Arabella
importuned him for Money.*

DEAR Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

“ Bis dat, qui citò dat.”

CRIES Dick to Ned, “ Attend to my advice,
Give a thing quickly, and you give it twice.”
“ I’ve felt your proverb’s force,” Ned archly cries,
“ It was your quickness gave me two black eyes.”

SIR CLAUDIUS STEPHEN HUNTER, Bart. Lord Mayor of London in 1811, was so proud of his horsemanship that he was to be seen every day displaying himself to his civic subjects, gracefully disporting on a white horse. This probably suggested the following epigram :—

Hunter, Mayor.

AN Emp’ror of Rome, who was famous for whim,
A *consul* his *horse* did declare :
The City of London, to imitate him,
Of a *Hunter* have made a *Lord Mayor*.

My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies ;
She doats on everything she sees,
And everything she doats on buys.
I with her taste am quite enchanted :
Such costly wares, so wisely fought !
Bought, because they may be wanted !
Wanted, because they may be bought..

Folly's Fashion.

WHEN dress'd for the evening the girls now-a-days
 Scarce an atom of dress on them leave,
 Nor blame them ; for what is an evening dress
 But a dress that is suited for *Eve*.

On an Ignorant, Lying Priest.

MENDAX, so strange the whims he feels,
 Ne'er *reads* but when he *stands* or *kneels* :
 And, you will hear it with surprise,
 Whene'er he *speaks*, he always *lies*.

On a Lady wearing the Miniature of an Unworthy Person suspended round her Neck.

"WHAT, hang from the neck of a lady !" cries Bill,
 "Was ever such folly and impudence known ?
 As to hanging, indeed, he may hang where he will,
 But as to the *neck* let it be his own."

On one Peter White.

PETER WHITE will ne'er go right ;
 Would you know the reason why :
 Where'er he goes, he follows his nose,
 And that stands all awry.

Inscribed on the Window of a Scottish Inn.

SCOTLAND ! thy weather's like a modish wife,
 Thy winds and rain for ever are at strife ;
 Like thee the termagants their blustering try,
 And when they can no longer scold, they cry.

*On hearing an Ignorant Man assert "that to be a Poet
is the next thing to being a Fool."*

"A POET," cries Bubo, "is next to a fool,
And," he adds, "the experience of ages will show
it;"

But Bubo himself gives the lie to the rule,
For he proves that a fool's very far from a poet.

On one hanged at Newgate; from the Pages of Punch.

ONE morn two friends before the Newgate drop,
To see a culprit throttled chanced to stop:
"Alas!" cried one, as raised in air he spun,
"That miserable wretch's *race is run*."
"True," cried the other dryly, "to his cost
The race is run—but by a *neck* 'tis lost."

A Natural Deduction.

WHY S——e is long-lived at once appears,
The afs was always famed for length of *ears*.
P.

On "the Tuft Hunter."

A DUKE once declared—and most solemnly too—
That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
But the son of a duke has farther gone,
He will do what he likes with what isn't his own.
LORD W. LENNOX.

Hitting the Right Nail on the Head.

THE Whigs resemble nails. How so, my master?
Because, like nails, when *beat*, they *hold the faster*.
P.

Carrots classically considered.

WHY scorn red hair? The Greeks, we know,
 (I note it here in charity)
 Had taste in beauty, and with them
 The Graces were all *Χαίραι*!

P.

The Poet foiled.

To win the maid the poet tries,
 And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes;
 She likes a *verse*, but, cruel whim,
 She still appears *a-verse* to him.

PUNCH.

Consistency.

No wonder Tory landlords flout
 "Fix'd Duty," for 'tis plain
 With them the Anti-Corn-Law Bill
 Must go against the grain.

P.

On Farren, the Actor.

IF Farren, cleverest of men,
 Should go to the right about,
 What part of town will he be then?
 Why, "Farren-done-without!"

P.

Black and White.

THE Tories vow the Whigs are black as night,
 And boast that they are only blest'd with light.
 Peel's politics to both sides so incline,
 He may be call'd the *equinoctial line*.

P.

On Charles Kean, the Actor.

As Romeo, Kean, with awkward grace,
 On velvet rests, 'tis said :
 Ah ! did he seek a softer place,
 He'd rest upon his head.

P.

A Useful Ally.

" CRACK'D China mended !" Zounds, man, off this
 minute!

There's work for you, or else the deuce is in it!

P.

Pride.

FITZSMALL, who drinks with knights and lords,
 To steal a share of notoriety,
 Will tell you, in important words,
 He *mixes* in the best society.

P.

On Napoleon's Statue at Boulogne turned, by design or accident, with its back to England.

UPON its lofty column's stand
 Napoleon takes his place :
 His back still turn'd upon that land
 That never saw his face.

P.

Inquest—not Extraordinary.

GREAT Bulwer's works fell on Miss Basbleu's head,
 And in a moment, lo ! the maid was dead !
 A jury sat, and found the verdict plain—
 " She died of *milk and water on the brain.*"

"Vox et præterea nihil."

"I WONDER if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,"
Said a punster perusing a trial.

"I vow, since his lordship was made Baron Vaux
He's been *Vaux et præterea nihil*."

P.

On the Name of Keopalani (Queen of the Sandwich Islands), which signifies "the dropping of the clouds from Heaven."

THIS name's the best that could be given,
As will by proof be quickly seen;
For "dropping from the clouds from Heaven"
She was, of course, the *raining Queen*.

P.

Very like a Whale.

THE first of all the royal infant males
Should take the title of the Prince of *Wales*;
Because 'tis clear to seamen and to lubber,
Babies and *whales* are both inclined to *blubber*.

P.

The Cause.

LISETTE has lost her wanton wiles—
What secret care consumes her youth,
And circumscribes her smiles?
A speck on a front tooth.

P.

*On the dulness of a Debate in the House of Commons
and the little interest felt in it.*

No wonder the debate fell dead
'Neath such a constant fire of lead.

P.

On an M. P. who recently got his Election at the Sacrifice of his Political Character.

His degradation is complete,
His name with loss of honour branding :
When he resolved to win his seat
He literally lost his standing.

P.

On the Price of admission to see the Mammoth Horse.

I WOULD not pay a coin to see
An animal much larger ;
Surely the mammoth horse must be
Rather an *overcharger*.

P.

Fortunate Stars. .

“MY stars!” cried a courtier, with stars and lace
twirl’d,
“What homage we nobles command in the world!”
“True, my lord,” said a wag, “though the world has
its jars,
Some people owe much to their fortunate stars!”

On the Four Georges.

GEORGE the First was always reckon’d
Vile—but viler George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended.

W. S. LANDOR.

Reason for thick Ankles.

“HARRY, I cannot think,” says Dick,
 “What makes my ankles grow so thick.”
 “You do not recollect,” says Harry,
 “How great a calf they have to carry.”

JOE hates a hypocrite: which shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's!

The Georges. George I.—Star of Brunswick.

HE preferr'd Hanover to England,
 He preferr'd two hideous mistresses
 To a beautiful and innocent wife.
 He hated arts and despised literature;
 But he liked train-oil in his salads,
 And gave an enlighten'd patronage to bad oysters.
 And he had Walpole as a minister;
 Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption.

W. M. THACKERAY.

George II.

IN most things I did as my father had done,
 I was false to my wife and I hated my son:
 My spending was small, and my avarice much,
 My kingdom was English, my heart was High-Dutch:
 At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
 I butcher'd the Scotch, and I bearded the French:
 I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
 I wasn't much mis'd when I died in a fit.
 Here set up my statue, and make it complete,
 With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

W. M. T.

George III.

GIVE me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuouslest king the realm e'er knew.
I through a decent reputable life
Was constant to plain food, and a plain wife.
Ireland I risk'd, and lost America ;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.
My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part :
But yet I think I had an English heart :
When all the kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon.
Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and old George.
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets ;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.
Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea ;
Where was the king in Europe like to me ?
Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores,
My bounty rescued kings and emperors.
But what boots victory by land and sea ?
What boots that kings found refuge at my knee ?
I was a conqueror, but yet not proud ;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.
The rescued kings came kiss my garment's hem,
The rescued kings I never heeded them.
My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard ;
All England thrill'd with joy, I never stir'd.
What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower ?

W. M. T.

George IV. He left an Example for Age and for Youth to avoid.

HE never acted well by man or woman,
 And was as false to his mistress as to his wife.
 He deserted his friends and his principles.
 He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell;
 But he had some skill in cutting out coats,
 And an undeniable taste for cookery.
 He built the palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
 And for these qualities and proofs of genius,
 An admiring aristocracy
 Christen'd him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
 Friends, respect the king whose statue is here,
 And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

W. M. T., *from the pages of Punch.*

On the long Speeches of the French Deputies about the Liberty of the Press.

THE French enjoy freedom they say;
 And where is the man who can doubt it?
 For they have, it is clear, every day
 The freedom of talking about it.

On One famous for relating anecdotes bordering on the miraculous, having added an attic to his house near Richmond.

IT happen'd that the other day
 Up Richmond Hill I chanced to stray,
 And there beheld the exaltation
 Of Justice ———'s habitation:
 "Ha! Ha!" cried I, "thy joy and glory
 Is still, I see—to raise a story."

A Fashion. Crinoline.

A WAY to dress
 In the mode I guess
 Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
 And poor Mr. Spratt
 Must cry, "No fat,"
 And his wife will *cri—no—lene*.

The Poor Curate.

FOR the Rector in vain through the parish you'll search,
 But the Curate you'll find *living hard* by the church.

The Preference.

WITH heels quite light, and lighter hearted,
 Tom tripp'd to Church with Nelly Grimston;
 Next week, Tom to the wars departed!
 Why? Nitre he preferr'd to brimstone.

The Judge's Wit; or Maiming not Murder.

A MAN of small sense
 Once made his defence
 On a trial with seeming pomposity:
 But proved pretty well
 He could but ill spell,
 For he made use of the word—"curiosity!"
 Either Denman or Chitty,
 (Both equally witty,)
 "How he murders the language!" did cry out;
 "'Tis not murder," said Best;
 "It must be confess'd,
 But merely the knocking an *i* out."

*On a Mr. Perfect's comparing a certain author to a
knave of Spades.*

PERFECT, for satire so renown'd,
Now feels the lash he meant for me.
I'm but the picture of a knave,
A *perfect* knave in all his actions, he.

*On a Lady who had her Portrait taken, and sometimes
used to beat her Husband.*

"COME hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What say you, my love, does it strike you?"
"I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

The Retort.

"MY head, Tom, 's confused with your nonsense and
bother,
It goes in at one ear and out at the other."
"Of that, my friend Dick, I was ever aware,
For nonsense your head is a pure thoroughfare."

SAYS Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for my life
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
Since they can't with the form and parson accord."
Says Paddy, "You fool, they take each other's word."

*On being locked in Kensington Gardens, the gates
of which are shut at nine o'clock p.m.*

FROM Paradise, Adam and Eve were shut out
As a punishment due to their sin,
But here after nine, should you loiter about,
For your punishment you'll be shut in!

*Legal Feu-d'Esprit.**

Argument for.

BAPTIZED a baby,
Fit sine labe;
As the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.

Argument against.

Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it;
And, devil a bit
Is it valid without it.

Judgment.

Bishop and vicar,
Why do you bicker
Each with his brother,
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other?

Adjudication.

Bishop nonsuited,
Priest unrefuted,
To be instituted,
Costs deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a *shell*,
The lawyers *The Native*.

* The above was handed about at the time of the Gorham appeal to the Privy Council, as from the pen of Sir George Rose.

*Gorham Controversy.**Chorus and Semi-Chorus of People on the above.*

HURRAH for the bishop! Hurrah for the vicar!
 Hurrah for the row, that grows thicker and thicker!
 Alas for the Church, that grows sicker and sicker!

Moral.

Odium theologicum to fish up,
 In a priest is a curse;
 But in right reverend bishop
Ecce ter quaterque worse!

Q. E. D.

If the vicar's a pest,
 The bishop *ecce turpior est*.

SIR GEORGE ROSE.

On the Kit-Cat Club.

WHENCE deathless Kit-Cat took its name
 Few critics can unriddle,
 Some say from pastry-cook it came,
 And some from Cat and Fiddle.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
 Grey statesmen or green wits;
 But from its pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*!

POPE.

On Michaelmas Day.

FIVE thousand geese this day are doom'd to die,
 What dreadful havoc 'mongst society!

*Lines to the Court of Insolvent Debtors.**“Risu solvuntur Tabulæ.”*

“QUI niger, et captivus eram, candore nivali
 Splendidus, egredior carcere, liber homo.
 Solvuntur curæ; solvuntur vincula ferri;
 Solvitur attonitus creditor—in lacrymas.
 Solvor ego; tantum non solvitur æs alienum;
 A non solvendo rite solutus ero.”

*The following translation is said to be by the late Rev.
 R. H. Barham, author of the “Ingoldsby Legends.”*

A BLACKLEG late, and prisoner, hence I go
 In whitewash'd splendour, pure as unfunn'd snow;
 Dissolved my bonds; dissolved my cares and fears;
 My very creditors dissolved—in tears;
 All questions solved: the Act resolves me free,
 Absolved in absolute insolvency.

Occasioned by the recent Poisonings at Hong Kong.

“PULL devil, pull baker,”* in England's the cry,
 When their prowess those *black* and *white* combatants
 try,
 But in China by order of Governor Yeh,
 The devil and baker both pull the same way.

Notes and Queries.

JACK for a scolding master held the light,
 When Tom declared his friend was far too civil:
 Jack smartly cried, “You must allow I'm right,
 Sometimes to *hold the candle to the devil.*”

* For the origin of the phrase, “Pull devil, pull baker,” see
Notes and Queries.

The Parson's Precept and Example.

A CORNISH vicar, while he preach'd,
 Of patient Job did speak;
 When he came home, found to his grief,
 His cask had sprung a leak.

Enraged—his wife did thus advise,
 “Job for a pattern choose;”
 But he replied, “Job ne’er had such
 A tub of ale to lose.”

Matrimony.

CRIES Sue to Will, ’midst matrimonial strife,
 “Curst be the hour I first became your wife!”
 “By all the powers,” said Will, “but that’s too bad!
 You’ve curst the only civil hour we’ve had.”

“You’re a thief,” said a wag, “and I’ll show it,”
 To a butcher with angry feeling;
 “’Tis a scandalous fact, and you know it,
 That knives you are constantly *steeling*.”

Forensic Wit. Dives and Lazarus.

DIVES the Cardiff Bar retains,
 And counts their learned noses,
 Whilst the defendant Lazarus
 On *Abraham’s* breast reposes.

JEKYLL.

* At the Cardiff Assizes, some years ago, an action was brought by a *rich* plaintiff against a *poor* defendant, who was unable to pay a counsel, when Abraham Moore, Esq., of Exeter, a barrister, volunteered to defend him, which caused Jekyll to write the above epigram.

On the Duke of Wellington, whose life was once endangered by one of the small bones of the wing of a partridge, on which he was dining.

STRANGE that the Duke, whose life was charm'd
 'Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,
 Nor by th' Imperial Eagle harm'd,
 Should be endanger'd by a partridge !

'Twould surely every one astonish
 As soon as ever it was known,
 That the great conqueror of Boney,
 Himself was conquer'd by a bone.

On the Marriage of a Captain Graves to a lady named Graves.

THE graves, 'tis said, will yield the dead,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies ;
 But if God please, from Graves like these,
 A dozen living folks may rise.

On Garrow's cross-questioning an Old Woman, trying to elicit from her that a tender had been made for some premises in dispute.

GARROW, forbear ! That tough old jade
 Can never prove a tender made.

JEKYLL.

A Warm Reception.

RUSTICUS wrote a letter to his love,
 And fill'd it full of warm and keen desire ;
 He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did—
 The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

The Wife's Prayer.

DICK told his spouse, "He durst be bold to swear,
Whate'er she pray'd for, heav'n would thwart her
pray'r."

"Indeed," says Nell, "'tis what I'm pleased to hear,
For now I'll pray for your long life, my dear."

THE lovely hair that Mary wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

An Irish Bull.

A WORTHY baronet of Erin's clime
Had a famed telescope in his possession;
And on a time
Of its amazing pow'rs he made profession,
"Yon church," cried he, "is distant near a mile;
Yet when I view it steady for a while,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass so strong and clear
Does bring the church so near
That often I can hear the organ play."

CAN you a reason for quizzing-glasses find?
Yes! Puppies, you know, are always born blind.

The Ugly Wife.

TOM weds a rich hag that would frighten a horse;
Repentance soon tortures his mind;
But vain are the tears that express his remorse,
Unless he could cry himself blind!

An Old Saying.

THERE is a mistake, though the saying is old,
 To hear a man tell you he has a *bad* cold ;
 WE must drop the saying, though long it has stood,
 FOR I never heard of a cold that was *good*.

The Twenty-fifth of March. By a Tenant.

THAT when a lady's in the case,
 ALL other things of course give place,*
 WAS once a doubt with me, friend Gay ;
 BUT Lady-day the fact explains,
 WHo never comes but she distrains,
 AND carries all my things away !

On a Sailor who was thrown on the neck of his Horse.

SPECTATOR, cease your cruel glee,
 FROM taunting jests refrain,
 SURE 'tis no wondrous thing to see
 A sailor on the mane !

The Joke of Charles Matthews versified.

A TRAV'LLER, some little time back,
 WAS telling another a hist'ry,
 WHose manners betray'd a great lack
 Of sense, to unravel the myst'ry.
 " WHY, Sir, it is strange you can't see !
 OR, perhaps, it don't meet your belief ;
 "TIS as simple as plain A. B. C."
 " YES," cries t'other, " but I'm D. E. F."

* Gay's *Fables*.

The Bathos.

SINCE mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,
 And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry ;
 “ When my old cassock,” says a Welsh divine,
 “ Is out at elbows, why should I repine ?”

PORSON.

The Quibble.

Too late for dinner by an hour,
 The dandy enter'd from a shower
 Caught, and no coach when mostly wish'd,
 The beau was, like the dinner, *disb'd*.
 Mine host then, with fat capon lined,
 Grinn'd, and exclaim'd, “ I s'pose you've dined—
 Indeed, I see, you took—'twas wrong—
 A *whet*, Sir, as you came along !”

QUOTH a starved poet to a thieftish spark,
 Who search'd his house for money in the dark :
 “ Forbear your pains, my friend, and go away ;
 You'll not find now, what I can't in the day.”

From Psephastus.

KIND Asper will do anything you choose—
 But lend his ass—and that you must excuse ;
 His time and toil he freely will expend
 On your behalf—his ass he'll never lend.
 He'd fetch and carry at your call or beck,
 But would not lend his ass to save your neck :
 None in self-knowledge Asper can surpass,
 Who justly rates himself below an ass.

On Nothing. Written at the request of a Lady.

WRITE on nothing! Lady! shame so to puzzle me;
For something, Lady, ne'er can nothing be.
This nothing must be something, and I see,
This nothing and this something—all in thee.

THOU addest daily to thy store thy gains;
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains?

On the Marriage of Mr. Lamb to Miss Priest.

IN times remote, when heathens sway'd,
A sacrifice was often made,
Their deities to quiet;
And by the priest the lamb was led
Unto the altar, where he bled,
But not without some riot.

Mark how reverse the blissful scene,
No heathen rites now intervene,
To bid the timid falter;
For, lo! the *Priest*—how strange to say—
Is by the *Lamb* now led away,
Quite willing, to the altar!

SCREW lives by shifts, yet swears, with no small oaths,
With all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

On a Stone thrown at George III. which missed him.

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unhappily thrown;
I think very different from thousands; indeed
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

PETER PINDAR.

On a Gentleman named Heddy.

IN reading his name it may truly be said,
 You will make that man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed*.

“WHEN to an oculist the blind repair,
 To get again their sight,
 Of drowning, Ben, they in some danger are,
 If I conjecture right.”

“Of drowning? Why, what do you mean?” cries
 Ben ;

“Explain at once to me.”

“Why,” rejoins Tom, “this is my reason, then,
 Because they *go to see*.”

The Irish Place-bunter.

A PLACE under government
 Was all that Paddy wanted ;
 He married soon a scolding wife,
 And thus his wish was granted.

IN Oxford Street, over a shop door,
 Ten days ago, it might be more,
 A “Mr. Fell” stuck up a bill
 To say, he “Fell, from Holborn Hill.”

*A Commercial Traveller lately left a shirt at an Inn,
 and wrote to the Chamber-maid to forward it to him
 by coach, which produced the following :—*

I HOPE, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt,
 I'll frankly tell you all about it ;
 I've made a shift with your old shirt,
 And you must make a shift without it.

On Craniology.

IN days of yore,
 Laid wit and lore
 And wisdom in the wig;
 But now the skull
 Contains them all,
 The peruke is too big.

The Retort Medical.

QUOTH Doctor Squill of Ponder's End,
 "Of all the patients I attend,
 Whate'er their aches or ails,
 None ever will my fame attack."
 "None ever can," retorted Jack;
 " For dead men tell no tales."

Adapted to the Irish Commercial Failures, 1800.

THE cit complains to all he meets,
 That grafs will grow in Dublin streets,
 And swears that all is over!
 Short-sighted mortals, can't you see,
 Your mourning will be changed to glee,
 For then you'll live in *clover*.

*From the Italian. On a Father who would not allow
 his Son to marry until he had arrived at years of
 discretion.*

POOR Stephen is young, and lacks wisdom, 'tis said,
 And therefore still longer must tarry;
 If he waits though, methinks, till he's *sense* in his head
 I'll be sworn that he *never will marry*.

How to evade Proof.

AN Irishman, charged with a crime,
 Was told it would be brought home to him;
 "No, no," quoth Pat, "it shan't this time—
 I'll keep away from home—and do 'em."

Written on the Union, 1801, by a Barrister of Dublin.

WHY should we explain, that the times are so bad,
 Pursuing a querulous strain?
 When Erin gives up all the rights that she had,
 What right has she left to complain?

HE who talks much, so says the ancient rule,
 Must often babble like an empty fool.
 "I speak but little," shallow Buffo cries;
 In *that*, no doubt, the world will call him wise.

The Union.

AMONG the men what dire divisions rise,
 For "Union" one, and one "No union" cries.
 Shame on the sex that such dispute began;
 Ladies are all for *union*—to a man.

From the Spanish of Rebolledo.

FAIR Phillis has fifty times register'd vows,
 That of Christian or Turk she would ne'er be the
 spouse,
 For wedlock so much she disdain'd,
 And neither of these she has married, 'tis true,
 For now she's the wife of a wealthy old Jew,
 And thus she her vow has maintain'd.

Time causes Changes.

In ancient times 'twas all the rage
 For each rich man to keep a *sage* ;
 In middle ages 'twas the rule
 For men of wealth to keep a *fool* ;
 But what with daughters, sons, and cousins,
 Men now-a-days *keep fools by dozens*.

On an Ignorant Lady, who boasted of having pretty feet.

"No wonder Mary's *feet* are small,"
 Jack one day smiling said,
 "If Nature stole a part from thence
 To form a *thicker* head."

"In point of stealing, sure," cries Dick,
 "That Nature had no hand in,
 And if she made her head so thick,
 'Twas not with *understanding*."

"FRIEND Tom," says Ned, "I've view'd the world
 around ;
 Disinterestedness I ne'er have found."
 "I must," quoth Tom, "from your opinion vary :
 For I have found it in—the Dictionary."

Giving and Taking. From the French.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
 "To naughty man, for I abhor it."
 She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
 She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

Tempus Edax Rerum.

"TIME is money," Robin says ;
 'Tis true, I'll prove it clear ;
 Tom owes *ten pounds*, for which he pays
 In limbo *half a year*.

"WHAT ! master and mistress *gone out ?*"
 "Indeed," replies John, "Sir, 'tis true !"
 "I'll wait, and sit down by the fire."
 "You can't, Sir, for that's *gone out too !*"

By Sir Thomas More. Modernized.

A STUDENT wedded to his book,
 When wealth he might have won ;
 He left his book, a wife he took,
 From wealth to woe he run.

Now, who a neater die e'er cast,
 Since juggling first begun ?
 In tying of himself so fast,
 Himself he has undone.

On one Dr. Cox, noted for his vanity, who ordered a vacant space to be left for himself in a monument erected to the memory of his wife.

VAINEST of mortals, hadst thou sense or grace,
 Thou hadst not left this ostentatious space ;
 And given your numerous foes such ample room
 To tell posterity upon thy tomb,
 This well-known truth, by every tongue confess'd,
 That by this blank thy life is best express'd.

SIR FREDERIC FLOOD.

The Miser and the Beggar.

“ ’Tis in vain, my good man,” said a miser one day,
 To a beggar who closely did press,
 “ For I’m sure if I give but a penny away,
 My pocket will be *penny-less*.”

*On the Ball-room of the Tenth Royal Hussars being profusely decked with laurel.**

SOLDIERS! how ill-advised in you to raise,
 The other night, so vast a bower of *bays*,
Few had there been, we might perhaps have thought
 They were the laurels you had *won*, not *bought*.

A Natural Conclusion.

The lottery’s *puff’d* its latest sigh,
 And kick’d its latest prance;
 Well, ’tis no wonder *that* should die
 Which only lived *by chance*.

On an Ignorant Sot.

FIVE letters his life and his death will express;
 He scarce knew A. B. C., and he died of X. S.!

The Drunkard’s Wit.

A DRUNKARD’S doctor gave this precept strong:
 “ Drink less, and thus you will your *days prolong*.”
 “ True,” quoth the toper, “ yesterday my clay
 Imbided one bottle only, and, I say,
 I never pass’d so horrid, *long a day*.”

* The ball given in Dublin by the officers to the Marchioness of Londonderry.

On an Ugly Vain Woman.

PIQUED at being single, though averse to show it,
 Cries Deborah, "I'm determined ne'er to marry."
 "Now, Deborah, you've spoken truth, and well I
 know it,
 For while *other women* live, your point you'll carry."

*On Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. Hint taken from the
 Epigram by Dr. Lettsom.*

IN surgery Sir Astley's skill
 Has justly brought him lucre;
 He has fully proved, and does still,
 No *surgeon's* like *A. Cooper*.

No Change by a Change.

PYTHAGORAS says, "When we die we shall find
 We each shall be changed to a brute of some kind."
 Should this be the case, Dick will trouble the least,
 He won't require change, he's already a beast.

The Valiant Doctor.

FROM no man yet you've run away!
 Doctor, that may be true;
 You've *kill'd so many* in your day,
 Men mostly fly from you.

Rare Virtues.

IN praise of honesty and truth
 Men's busy tongues are never still;
 'Tis well, for both are fled from earth,
 "De mortuis nisi bonum nil."

Grammatical Advice.

WHEN man and wife at odds fall out,
 Let Syntax be your tutor;
 'Twixt masculine and feminine,
 What should one be but neuter?

A cloyed Appetite.

“A TONGUE I’ve for your supper got,
 My dearest Tom,” said Kate.
 “Egad,” cried Tom, “I’ll touch it not,
 I’ve had my share of late.”

A Comparison.

WHENE’ER a noble lord falls ill,
 And needs the aid of doctors clever,
 Whoe’er his *proxy*’s place may fill,
 The house goes on as well as ever.

But when O’Neil* is indisposed
 The play stands still—the actor mute;
 The tragic scene at once is closed—
 For her there is no substitute.

The reason is, say critics fearless,
 One’s but a peer—the other peerless.

From the French of Fabian Pillet.

His long speeches, his writings, in prose and in rhyme,
 Dr. Julep declares are but meant to kill time;
 What a man is the doctor! for, do what he will,
 He something or somebody wishes to kill.

* A celebrated actress.

Choice of the Knave or the Fool.

To Flavia's shrine two suitors run,
 And woo the fair at once ;
 A needy fortune-hunter one,
 And one a wealthy dunce.

How thus twin-courted she'll behave,
 Depends upon this rule—
 If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
 But if a knave, the fool.

The Brewer's Coachman.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
 Would, a little too oft, get a little too mellow ;
 Body-coachman he was to an eminent brewer,
 A better ne'er sat on a box, to be sure :
 His coach was kept clean ; no mothers or nurses
 Took more care of their babes than he did of his horses.
 He had these, aye, and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er ;
 So his master effectually mended the matter
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 " Now, William," says he, " you see the plain case,
 Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good place."
 " Drink water !" quoth William, " had all men done so,
 You never had wanted a coachman, I trow ;
 For 'tis *soakers*, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to *ride in your coaches*."

Frost.

FROST is the greatest artist in our clime :
 He paints in nature, and describes in rime.

From the Arabic.

WHEN I sent you my melons you cried out with scorn,
 "They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled, and yellow;"
 When I offer'd myself, whom those graces adorn,
 You flouted, and call'd me an ugly old fellow.

A SAILOR is a drunken sot,
 And he shan't wed my daughter.
 How can that be, have you forgot
 A sailor *lives on water*?

*Addressed to M——, on his Nomination to the Legion
 of Honour. From the French.*

IN ancient times—'twas no great loss—
 They hung the thief upon the cross;
 But now, alas! I say 't with grief,
 They hang the cross upon the thief.

"I'M very much surpris'd," quoth Harry,
 "That Jane a gambler should marry."
 "I'm not at all," her sister says,
 "You know he has such *winning ways*!"

WALKING through Smithfield, on a market day,
 "By Jove," cries Tom, "we've come a beastly way!"

A Reflection.

"HELP! help!" cried old Father Francesco, one night,
 While Friar John ran to his help in a fright,
 "I have just seen the devil along my cell pass!
 By our Lady 'twas he—in the shape of an ass!"
 "Lefs noise," whisper'd John, with a look of disdain,
 "When you chance to behold your own shadow again!"

First and Last. From the Italian.

One single truth before he died
 Poor Dick could only boast ;
 " Alas, I die !" he faintly cried,
 And then—gave up the ghost !

WHICH wert thou, cruel Bishop Bonner,
 A savage *wit*, or senseless *noddy*,
 When to extinguish Ridley's faith
 Thou mad'st a *bonfire* of his body ?

On a Coxcomb.

To determine the cut of a coat
 He is known to excel—after that
 He never indulges a thought,
 Save how he shall tie his cravat.
 There's nothing beyond to expect
 From such a fair-form-loving elf,
 Who causes his glass to reflect,
 Though void of reflection himself.

To a Lady with a blood-shot eye.

OH ! be not afraid, though your eye is all red,
 While your cheeks, my dear Sal, are so ruddy ;
 For so many die by the stroke of that eye,
 No wonder the weapon is bloody.

On Frederic the Great, King of Prussia ; by Voltaire.

KING, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
 Free-mason, economist, bard, politician,
 How had Europe rejoiced if a *Christian* he'd been !
 If a *man*, how he then had enraptured his queen !

On Betty, the Young Roscius.

AT Betty, astonish'd, the people all gazed,
 " 'Twas wonderful," still they kept saying ;
 For my part, I own, I was not much amazed
 At seeing a *little boy playing*.

" I LAUGH," a would-be sapient cried,
 " At every one that laughs at me."
 " Good lack !" a merry friend replied,
 " How very merry you must be !"

On the assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, "That Mr. Pitt found England of wood, and left it of marble."

" FROM wood to marble," Hawkins cried,
 " Great Pitt transform'd us, ere he died !"
 " Indeed," exclaim'd a country gaper ;
 " Sure he must mean to *marble paper*."

Another.

BROWN says, " That Pitt, so wise and good,
 Could marble make from worthless wood !"
 And who can doubt that saying bold,
 Since he to paper changed our gold

To Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate. Ancient and Modern Times.

IN merry old England it once was a rule
 For the king to employ both a poet and fool ;
 But now, we're *so frugal*, I'd have you to know it,
 That a *laureate* will serve both for *fool* and for *poet*.

POPE.

The Compliment returned. An officer in a ball-room having refused to dance because he did not, as he said, see a handsome woman in the room, caused one of the ladies to write as follows:—

“ So, Sir, you rashly vow and swear,
You’ll dance with none that are not fair ;

Suppose we women should dispense
Our hands to none but men of sense.”

“ Suppose ! well, Madam, pray what then ? ”

“ Why, Sir, you’d never dance again.”

*On his three marriages by Thomas Bastard, Esq. of
New College, Oxford.*

THOUGH marriage by some folks be reckon’d a curse,
Three wives did I marry for better or worse ;
The first for her person—the next for her purse—
And the third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

The Succession of Ages. The house of Mr. Dundas, late President of the Court of Session in Scotland having, after his death, been converted into a blacksmith’s shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following impromptu:—

THIS house a lawyer once enjoy’d,

A smith does now possess :

How naturally the *iron age*

Succeeds the age of *brass* !

*On a deformed, but amiable Female, of whom a
“ Lady ” spoke unfeelingly and in derision.*

IN body crooked ! but in mind—erect !

Scoffer ! reverse the case, you’ll see your own defect.

The Punsters.

AT a tavern one night
 Meff^{rs}. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*
 Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange ;
 Says *More*, " Of us three,
 The whole town will agree,
 There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
 " Yes," says *Strange* (rather sore),
 " I'm sure there's one *More*,
 A most terrible knave and a bite,
 Who cheated his mother,
 His sister and brother."
 " O yes," replied *More*, " that is *Wright*."

*A Nice Point. On bearing that a Gentleman died
 whilst his Physician was writing a prescription for
 him.*

How couldst thou thus so hasty be, O death ?
 And why be so precipitate with me :
 Why not some moments longer spare my breath,
 And let *thy friend*, the doctor, get his fee ?

Honest Independence.

SIR Charles, embroider'd, mocks my threadbare vest ;
 Sir Charles ! 'tis paid for. Now where lies the jest i

French Taste.

THE French have taste in all they do,
 Which we are quite without ;
 For Nature, that to them gave *goût*,
 To us gave only gout.

ERSKINE.

On Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

LIVES of great men misinform us,
 Campbell's lives in this sublime,
 Errors frightfully enormous,
 Misprints on the sands of time.

Stop Short.

IF at his title *Tom* had dropp'd his quill,
Tom might have pass'd for a great genius still:
 But *Tom*, alas! (excuse him if you can)
 Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

A Friendly Contest.

WHILE *Cam* and *Isis* their sad tribute bring
 Of rival grief to weep their pious king;
 The bards of *Isis* half had been forgot,
 Had not the sons of *Cam* in pity wrote;
 From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
 And proved their verse not bad—by writing worse.

The Scribbler confuted.

PAMPHLET last week, in his fantastic fits,
 Was ask'd, How he lived? He said, By 's wits:
 Pamphlet, I see, will tell lies by the clock;
 How can he live upon so poor a stock?

Physicians.

A SINGLE doctor like a sculler plies,
 And all his art, and all his physic tries;
 But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
 Conduct you soonest to the Stygian shores.

The Connoisseur.

HE long has been *a man of taste* complete;
Would that he now had something left to *eat*!

From the French of J. B. Rousseau.

A LORD of senatorial fame
Was by his portrait known outright,
For so the painter play'd his game
It made one even yawn at sight.

“ 'Tis he—the same—there's no defect,
But want of speech,” exclaim'd a flat,
To whom the limner,—“ Pray reflect,
'Tis surely not the worse for that.”

From the Greek.

EUTYCHIDAS in running for the prize
Still lags: to dinner ask him, and he flies.

From the German of Lessing.

A LONG way off—Lucinda strikes the men:
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

From the Greek.

A VIPER stung a Cappadocian's hide;
And, poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

Affectation.

DELIA is twenty-two, and yet so weak,
Poor thing! she's learning still to walk and speak.

In Vino Veritas.

A BRUTE thou art at best; but mad with wine,
 The rage of tigers is less fierce than thine;
 Wine but displays the baseness of thy heart;
 Not makes thee bad—but shows thee as thou art.

The Peer and the Pedlar.

A MEMBER of the modern great
 Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
 The peer was in his car of state,
 The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
 His lordship would parade for;
 One's debtor for his dapple greys,
 The other's shoes are paid for.

Imitated from the French of Guichard.

As Spintext one day, in the mansion of prayer,
 Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair,
 A large mastiff dog began barking aloud,
 "Turn him out," cried the doctor, enraged, to the crowd.
 "And why?" answer'd one, "in my humble belief
 He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief."

Proxies.

"By proxy I pray, and by proxy I vote,"
 A graceless peer said to a churchman of note;
 Who answer'd, "My lord, then I'll venture to say
 You'll to heaven ascend in a similar way."

On Macpherson's Translation of Homer.

CRIES Macpherson with pride, "Every mortal that
knew him

Must own the sublime lofty power of his pen ;
But I will so change, and so metamorphose him,
Not one in a thousand shall know him again."

From the French.

DAMIS, an author cold and weak,
Thinks as a critic he's divine ;
Likely enough ; we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine.

On the Banks and paper credit of Scotland.

To tell us why banks thus in Scotland obtain
Requires not the head of a Newton or Napier ;
Without calculation, the matter's quite plain,—
Where there's plenty of *rags*, you'll have plenty of
paper.

On Chatterton the Poet, and H. Walpole.

WHENEVER God, for his mysterious ends,
Prefs'd by all evils, destitute of friends,
Presents a Chatterton to human view,
The devil conjures up a Walpole too.

From the Latin of Owen.

WHY durst you offer, Marcus, to aver
Nature abhorr'd a *vacuum*?—confer
But with your empty skull, then you'll agree,
Nature will suffer a vacuity.

From the Latin

GRUMUS ne'er saw, he says, a bearded afs ;
 What, then, did Grumus ne'er consult his glafs ?

On Dr. Johnson's Poets.

" Similes habent labia lactucas."

YON afs in vain the flowery lawns invite ;
 To mumble thistles his supreme delight.
 Such is the critic, who, with wayward pride,
 To Blackmore gives the praise to Pope denied ;
 Wakes Yalden's embers, joys in Pomfret's lay,
 But sickens at the heaven-strung lyre of Gay.

From the French of La Giraudière.

YOU'RE thirty you tell us ; the fact we must credit,
 For both you and your friends for these ten years have
 said it.

From the Greek.

AN atom met the head of Mark the lean,
 It sliced it into halves, and walk'd between.

To a Childless Man.

So, heaven is deaf to thy oft-urged petition,
 Of such as thee 'twill give no new edition.

On a Marriage.

THAT very day he chose to wed,
 I wish'd the old curmudgeon dead ;
 It matters not, since now he'll lead
 On earth the life to hell decreed !

From the French of Gombauld.

THAT you cannot get rid of Thersander, you say,
 Though you've tried to accomplish it fifty times
 o'er :
 I'll put you at once, my good friend, in the way—
 Do but lend him ten pounds, and you'll ne'er see
 him more.

Agreement in Opinion.

“You're a fool,” mutters Harry. Says Thomas,
 “That's true ;
 So must every one be that expects sense from you.”

To a Judge who prated about “Morals and Justice.”
 THOU disgrace to the bench ! whom each freeman must
 hate,
 That thou about “morals and justice” shouldst prate,
 Would surely excite all our wonder,
 Had not that old saying so oft met our ears,
 That, when likely to forward his schemes, it appears
 The devil himself from the Scriptures can plunder.

Envy. From the French of Senecé.

WHAT makes the envious Phorbas walk
 Alone, and sad, in the parterre ;
 And raise his eyes, and inly talk,
 And stamp his foot, and rend his hair ?

Say, has he met with some distress ;
 Far from it ;—all his agitation
 Only proceeds from the success
 Of some acquaintance or relation.

On a Wine Merchant. From Martial.

THE vilest of compounds while Balderdash vends,
And brews his dear poison for all his good friends;
No wonder they never can get him to dine—
He's afraid they'd oblige him to drink his own wine.

Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together;
Streets, unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt you,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple—all conditions:
Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany, bedaub'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray.
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not—some that will:
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow—not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it:
This is London—how d'ye like it?

From the French of De Cailly.

“How blest, my dear brother,” said Sylvia, one day,
 “Should I be would you quit this bad habit of play;
 Do you mean to extinguish it never?”
 “When you cease to coquet, I’ll quit play,” he replied.
 “Ah! plainly I see, my dear brother,” she cried,
 “You’re determined to gamble for ever.”

From the German of Lessing.

Grudge leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly:
 He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely.

The Miser.

“*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*”

TEN thousand pounds Avarus had before;
 His father died, and left him twenty more,
 Till then, a roll and egg he could allow;
 But eggs grown dear, a roll must dine him now.

From the Italian.

STRETCH’D on his bed of death old Thomas lying,
 And pretty certain he was dying;
 Instead of summing his offences,
 Began to reckon his expenses.
 For mixtures, bolus, draughts, and pill,
 A long apothecary’s bill;
 And guineas gone in paying doctors,
 With fees to attornies and to proctors;
 The sexton’s and the parson’s due,
 The undertaker’s reckoning too:
 “Alas!” quoth Tom, with his last sigh,
 “’Tis a most fearful thing to die!”

On the Death of a man who had always been afraid of dying. From the French.

THRICE happy Damon! Fate has stopp'd his breath!
He's now deliver'd from the fear of death!

From the Greek.

THE miser, Hermon, in a dream,
Disburfed a little of his pelf;
He woke, and in despair extreme
Away he went, and hang'd himself.

An Important Inquiry.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life

There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake;
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."

"Why so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

MOORE.

An Expensive Dinner.

To sit a guest at Timon's sumptuous board,
You praise each foible, e'en forget his vice;
Integrity's my boast—I can't afford
To buy a dinner at so dear a price.

On a Guardian's marrying his rich Ward.

MARIUS, by Calvas left in trust,
Does but the thing that's strictly just;
To testify his great regard,
And better to secure his ward
From *Irish* bites, and save her pelf,
He wisely marries her—himself.

On two Neighbours who died at the same time.

“MY neighbour *Thornton* cannot live a day,”
Cried honest *Jones*, then in a deep decay.
“*Jones* cannot live a day,” cried *Thornton*, broke
With cruel gout, though still he loved a joke.
To think himself might die, each one was loth :
Before the day expired—death seized them both.

*On Dr. Young's “Night Thoughts, on Life, Death,
and Immortality.”*

His life is lifeless, and his death shall die,
And mortal is his immortality.

Imitation of Martial.

Lend Spunge a guinea ! Ned, you'd best refuse,
And give him half—sure half's enough to lose !

*On a Fellow of a College who habitually pronounced the
ă (short) in Euphrates, Porson wrote the following
Epigram :—*

VENIT ad Euphratum, rapidis perterritus undis,
Ut citò transiret, corripuit fluvium.*

*Thus translated by J. T. P., from “Notes and Queries,”
for July, 1861.*

WITH fear, on the Euphrates' shore,
The wild waves made him shiver ;
But he thought to pass more quickly o'er,
And so abridged the river.

* These two last words Jekyll, of witty memory, rendered
“abridged the river.”

Clear-sighted, and yet Blind.

HIS own merits perceiving, sure Charles through the
land,
For acute penetration unrivall'd would stand ;
Were it not this one blemish pre-eminence smothers,
He is totally blind to the merits of others.

Alter et Idem.

You say you're old, in hopes we'll say you're young,
But 'tis your *face* we credit, not your *tongue*.

The Natural Conclusion.

MARO, you'll give me nothing while you live,
But, after death, you cry, then, then you'll give ;
If thou art not, indeed, turn'd arrant ass,
Thou know'st what I desire to come to pass.

The Envious Critic.

THE poor in wit, or judgment, like all poor,
Reville, for having least, those who have more ;
So 'tis the critic's scarcity of wit
Makes him traduce them who have most of it.
Since to their pitch himself he cannot raise,
He them to his mean level would debase ;
Acting like demons, that would all deprive
Of heav'n, to which themselves can ne'er arrive.

The Grimacer.

You ask why Smith diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he write, is dull as other folks ?
You wonder at it ! This, Sir, is the case,
The jest is lost, unless he prints his face.

A false Estimate.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats on plate.

Vain of Dependence.

OF great connections with great men,
Ned keeps up a perpetual pother;
"My lord knows what, knows who, knows when;
My lord says this, thinks that, does t'other."

My lord had formerly his fool,
We know it, for 'tis on record;
But now, by Ned's inverted rule;
The fool it seems must have his lord!

Two of a Trade united.

How fitly join'd the lawyer and his wife!
He moves at bar, and she at home, the strife.

On a malignant dull Poet.

WHEN a viper its venom has spit, it is said,
That its fat heals the wound which its poison has
made;
Thus it fares with the blockhead who ventures to write,
His dulness an antidote proves to his spite.

Interest overcomes Principle.

VIRTUOUS and friendly *Squab* will be,
While right and interest can agree;
But, when they differ, do not wonder
If *Squab* and virtue are asunder.

The Bully.

How kind has Nature unto Bluster been,
 Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien,
 Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
 And, kinder still, gave *legs to run away*.

The advantage of a Nonsuit.

FULL twenty years, through all the courts,
 One craving process George supports.
 You're mad, George—twenty years ! you're mad :
 A nonsuit's always to be had.

On a Statue of Justice removed into the market-place.
From the French of Furetiere.

- Q. TELL me why Justice meets our eye,
 Raised in the market-place on high ?
 A. The reason, friend, may soon be told,
 'Tis meant to show she's to be sold.

On a dissatisfied, ill-tempered man.

STILL restless, still chopping and changing about ;
 Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout ;
 Little Timothy, *outré* as it may appear,
 Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a-year.
 With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf !
 What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

From the Greek.

THE man who first laid down the pedant rule
 That love is folly, was himself the fool ;
 For if to life that transport you deny,
 What privilege is left us—but to die ?

The Congress at Vienna.

IN cutting and dealing, and playing their cards,
 Revoking and shuffling for tricks and rewards,
 The *kings* have been changed into *knaves*, and the rest
 Of the honours have either been lost or suppress'd.

*To Lady Mount E——, on the death of a favourite
 Pig.*

O DRY that tear so round and big,
 Nor waste in sighs your precious wind;
 Death only takes a single pig—
 Your lord and son are still behind.

*To a contemptible Author, who had written the Epitaph
 of a good Poet. From the French of Le Brun.*

ON Stephen's tomb thou writ'st the mournful line!
 Why lived he not, alas! to write on thine?

*On a Volume of Epigrams. From the German of
 Lessing.*

POINT in his foremost epigram is found:
 Bee-like, he lost his sting at the first wound.

*On a Woman who spoke very well without a tongue, a
 fact attested by Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, in a
 Letter to the Royal Society, 3rd Sept. 1707.*

THAT without a tongue a woman could
 Chat and prattle, talk aloud;
 As a fact I must receive it—
 But that a woman with a tongue
 Could hold her peace, and hold it long;
 Pshaw! I can't believe it.

Lines by Pope.

My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings ;
“ But he's my neighbour,” cries the peer polite,
“ And if he'll visit me, I'll waive my right.”
“ What ! on compulsion ? and against my will
A lord's acquaintance ?—let him file his bill.”

Gibbon the Historian, a Christian.

ENTHUSIASTS, Lutherans, and monks,
Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and punks,
Gibbon an atheist call ;
While he, unhurt, in placid mood,
To prove himself a Christian good,
Kindly forgives them all.

Sentimental Charity.

SUCH fine-spun pain does want excite
When beggars near Penuria stray ;
From fear of fainting at the sight,
She turns her head another way.
Her generous notions partial call
The hand that grants a penny ;
So, as she cannot give to all,
She never gives to any.

No Reason in Law.

OUR statesmen all boast, that in matter of treason,
The law of Old England is founded on reason,
But they own that when libel comes under its paw,
It is rarely, indeed, that there's reason in law.

Breaking the Fourth Commandment.

AT church I heard the parson say,
 "No man must work on Sabbath day."
 But, oh! good heaven, how he did work
 When he got home, with knife and fork.

The Miser's Feast.

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
 His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out "*Fire!*"

A trifling Correction.

SAYS Tom, who held great contracts of the nation,
 "I've made ten thousand pounds by speculation."
 Cries Charles, "By speculation! you deceive me;
 Strike out the *s*, indeed, and I'll believe thee."

Self-Knowledge.

ONE bowing to me, I'd seen long ago;
 Said I, "Who art?" he said, "I do not know;"
 I said, "I know thee;" "I," said he, "know you;"
 But he who knows himself, I never knew.

To Doctor Empiric.

WHEN men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
 Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
 Let me give two, that doubly am got free,
 From my disease's danger, and from thee.

The Per-contra, or Matrimonial Balance.

How strange, a deaf wife to prefer!
 True, but she's also dumb, good Sir.

LESSING.

Phillis's Age.

How old may Phillis be you ask,
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
 To answer is no easy task;
 For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
 All day let envy view her face,
 And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree,
 The evening has the day belied;
 And Phillis is some forty-three.

PRIOR.

*Epigrams from the German of Lessing.**Niger.*

"He's gone at last—old Niger's dead!"
 Last night 'twas said throughout the city;
 Each quidnunc gravely shook his head,
 And *half* the town cried, "What a pity!"

The news proved false—'twas all a cheat,
 The morning came the fact denying;
 And *all* the town to-day repeat
 What *half* the town last night was crying.

Mendax.

SEE yonder goes old Mendax telling lies
 To that good easy man with whom he's walking;
 How know I that? you ask, with some surprise;
 Why, don't you see, my friend, the fellow's talking.

On Burning a dull Poem.

AN afs's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought when I this poem read,
No vessel but an afs's head
Such frigid fustian could contain ;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupefying draughts ;
I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire ;
When (who could think ?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame ?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

SWIFT.

A Nice Point.

SAY which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favour'd elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

The Point decided.

NAY, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again !

“ Forma bonum fragile.”

“WHAT a frail thing is beauty !” says Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass :

And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confused, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true :
She dropp’d the eye, and broke it.

PRIOR.

The Dead Miser.

FROM the grave where dead Gripeall, the miser, reposes,
What a villanous odour invades all our noses ;
It can’t be his *body* alone—in the hole
They have certainly buried the usurer’s *soul*.

The bad Orator.

So vile your grimace, and so croaking your speech,
One scarcely can tell if you’re laughing or crying ;
Were you fix’d on one’s funeral sermon to preach,
The bare apprehension would keep one from dying.

On Dorilis.

THAT Dorilis thus, on her lap as he lies,
Should kiss little Pompey, excites no surprise ;
But the lapdog whom thus she keeps fondling and
praising,
Licks her face in return—that I own is amazing.

To a Slow Walker and Quick Eater.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,
You should march with your mouth, and devour with
your feet.

On two beautiful one-eyed Sisters.

GIVE up one eye, and make your sister's two,
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.

Specimen of the Laconic.

"BE less prolix," says Grill. I like advice.
"Grill, you're an afs!" Now, surely, that's concise.

*An Expectoration, or splenetic Extempore on his
departure from the city of Cologne.*

As I am a rhymers,
And now, at least, a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer,
And the church of St. Geryon,
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known,
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Expectoration the second.

IN *Coln*, the town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
All well-defined and separate stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne.
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*Dialogue between a Catholic Delegate and his Royal
Highness the Duke of Cumberland.*

SAID his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
 "Why refuse us the *veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"
 "Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
 "You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience,
 already."

THOMAS MOORE.

What's my Thought like.

Quest. Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
 And coolly shout, and spout, and spout away,
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

T. M.

On a Squinting Poetess.

To no *one* muse does she her glance confine,
 But has an eye, at once, to *all the nine*.

T. M.

*On the disappointment of the Whig associates of the
Prince Regent at not obtaining office.*

YE politicians, tell me, pray,
 Why thus with woe and care rent?
 This is the worst that you can say,
 Some wind has blown the wig away,
 And left the *Hair Apparent*.

CHARLES LAMB.

Windfor Poetics. On the Prince Regent being seen as he stood between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies ;
Between them stands another scepter'd thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king ;
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
—In him the double tyrant starts to life ;
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampyre wakes to life again.
Ah ! what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both to mould a George ?

LORD BYRON.

Fritz.

QUOTH gallant Fritz, “ I ran away
To fight again another day.”
The meaning of his speech is plain,
He only fled to fly again.

The Death of Dr. Morrifon ; from Bentley's Miscellany.

WHAT's the news ? why, they say death has kill'd Dr.
Morrifon.

The pill-maker ? Yes. Then death will be sorry soon.

Wellington's Nose.

“ PRAY, why does the great captain's nose
Resemble Venice ? ” Duncomb cries.
“ Why,” quoth Sam Rogers, “ I suppose
Because it has a bridge of size (figs). ”

On two Gentlemen, one of whom, O'Connell, delayed a duel on the plea of his wife's illness ; the other declined on account of the illness of his daughter.

SOME men, with a horror of slaughter,
 Improve on the Scripture command,
 And honour their wife and their daughter,
 That their days may be long in the land.

To Professor Airey, on his marrying a beautiful woman.

AIREY alone has gain'd that double prize
 Which forced musicians to divide the crown ;
 His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
 His marriage-vows have brought a mortal down.

SIDNEY SMITH.

The Smoker.

ALL dainty meats I do defy
 Which feed men fat as swine,
 He is a frugal man indeed
 That on a loaf can dine !
 He needs no napkin for his hands,
 His fingers' ends to wipe,
 That keeps his kitchen in a box,
 And roast meat in his pipe.

On the Art-Unions.

THAT picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
 Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
 Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
 But surely lotteries encourage drawing.

THOS. HOOD.

To Miss ——.

WITH woman's form and woman's tricks
 So much of man you seem to mix,
 One knows not where to take you :
 I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
 Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
 Or what she meant to make you.

Yet, stay,—you need not take the pains—
 With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,
 For man or maid's desiring :
 Pert as female, fool as male,
 As boy too green, as girl too stale,
 The thing's not worth inquiring !

THOMAS MOORE.

The Superiority of Machinery.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes :
 But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
 Will continue to work though it *strikes* !

THOMAS HOOD.

Lying in State.

Now from the chamber all are gone
 Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington ;
 Derby and Dis do all they can
 To emulate so great a man :
 If neither can be quite so great,
 Resolved is each to *lie in state*.

W. S. LANDOR.

*On observing a Vulgar Name on the Plinth of
an Ancient Statue.*

BARBARIANS must we always be?
 Wild hunters in pursuit of fame?
 Must there be nowhere stone or tree
 Ungash'd with some ignoble name?
 Oh, Venus, in thy Tuscan dome,
 May every god watch over thee!
 Apollo! bend thy bow o'er Rome,
 And guard thy sister's chastity.
 Let Britons paint their bodies blue
 As formerly, but touch not you.

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

Irish Particular.

SHIEL's oratory 's like bottled Dublin stout;
 For, draw the cork, and only froth comes out.

Sticky.

"I'm going to seal a letter, Dick,
 Some *wax* pray give to me."
 "I have not got a *single stick*,
 Or *whacks* I'd give to thee."

The Amende Honorable.

QUOTH Will, "On that young servant-maid
 My heart its life-string stakes."
 "Quite safe!" cries Dick, "don't be afraid
 She pays for all she breaks."

The Railway of Life.

SHORT was the passage through this earthly vale,
 By turnpike roads when mortals used to wend ;
 But now we travel by the way of rail,
 As soon again we reach the journey's end.

To a rich young Widow.

I WILL not ask if thou canst touch
 The tuneful ivory key ?
 Those silent notes of thine are such
 As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
 The pencil comprehends,
 Enough for me, love, if thou still
 Canst draw thy dividends.

A Conjugal Conundrum.

WHICH is of greater value, prithee, say
 The bride or bridegroom ?—must the truth be told ?
 Alas, it must ! The bride is given away ;
 The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

*Epigram, by J. G. Saxe, on a Recent
Classic Controversy.*

NAY, marvel not to see these scholars fight,
 In brave disdain of certain scathe and scar ;
 'Tis but the genuine, old Hellenic spite,—
 “When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of
 war !”

The Czar.

CZAR Nicholas is so devout, they say,
His majesty does nothing else than *pray*.

Epigram, by J. G. Saxe.

QUOTH David to Daniel, "Why is it these scholars
Abuse one another whenever they speak?"
QUOTH Daniel to David, "It nat'rally follows
Folks come to hard words if they meddle with
Greek!"

On an Ill-read Lawyer.

AN idle attorney besought a brother,
For "something to read—some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new."
"Take Chitty!"* replied his legal friend,
"There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more novel to you!"

On an Ugly Person sitting for a Daguerreotype.

HERE Nature in her glass—the wanton elf—
Sits, gravely making faces at herself;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before!"

Woman's Will.

MEN dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

* Author of a great number of works on law.

Family Quarrels.

“A FOOL,” said Jeanette, “is a creature I hate!”

“But hating,” quoth John, “is immoral;
Besides, my dear girl, it’s a terrible fate
To be found in a family quarrel!”

Jupiter Amans. Dedicated to Victor Hugo.

“LE PETIT” call not him who by one act
Has turn’d old fable into modern fact.
Nap Louis courted Europe : Europe shied :
The imperial purple was too newly dyed.
“I’ll have her though,” thought he, “by rape or rapine ;
Jove nods sometimes, but catch a Nap a napping !
And now I think of Jove, ’twas Jove’s own fix,
And so I’ll borrow one of Jove’s own tricks.
Old itching Palm I’ll tickle with a joke,
And he shall lend me England’s decent cloak.”
’Twas said and done, and his success was full ;
He won Europa with the guise of Bull !

The Leader.

The Blind Goddess.

THE good live poor, and thou dost waste
On rogues, Dame Fortune, all thou hast ;
Well did the poets feign thee blind :
But was it in the eyes or mind ?

The Fool or Knave.

THY praise or dispraise is to me alike ;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

BEN JONSON.

Malt Liquor, or cheap French Wine?

No ale or beer, says Gladstone, we should drink,
 Because they stupefy and dull our brains.
 But four French wine, as other people think,
 Our English stomachs often sorely pains.
 The question then is which we most should dread
 An aching belly or an aching head?

J. H. C. WRIGHT.

*On a Young Lady, who had been a great card-player,
 marrying a Young Man who worked in her father's
 garden.*

TRUMPS ever ruled the charming maid ;
 Sure all the world will pardon her !
 The destinies turned up a "Spade,"
 She married John the gardener !

On a Dog-collar.

AT thieves I bark ; at lovers wag my tail ;
 And thus I please both Lord and Lady Thrale.
 Latrans excepti fures ; et mutus amantes ;
 Sic placui Domino ; sic placui Dominæ.

On Moore the Poet.

WHEN Limerick once in idle whim,
 Moore, as her member, gaily courted,
 The boys, for fun's sake, ask'd of him
 To state what party he supported ;
 When thus to them the answer ran,
 " I'm of no party as a man,
 But as a poet, *am—a—tory.*"

Sent across the Court by a Barrister to a beautiful Lady.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?
You, fair one, will smile, and say, "Laws, I defy you!"
Assured that no peers can be summon'd to try you;
But think not such paltry defence shall secure you,
For the Graces and Muses will just make a jury.

*Addressed to George III. on his restoration to health
by a visit to Weymouth.*

O SOVEREIGN of an isle renown'd for undisputed sway,
Where'er o'er yonder gulf profound her navies wing
their way:
On juster claims she builds at length her empire of the
sea;
And rightly deems those waves her strength, which
strength restored to thee.

The Gout in the Hand.

URBES had the gout so that he could not stand;
Then from his feet it shifted to his hand:
When it was in his feet, his charity was small,
Now it is in his hand, he gives no alms at all.

HERRICK.

No Redeeming Virtue.

"PRAY, does it always rain in this hang'd place,
Enough to drive one mad, heaven knows?"
"No, please your grace,"
Cried Boniface, with some grimace,
"Sometimes it snows."

Conjugal Fars.

KNOW we not all, the Scripture saith,
 That man and wife are *one* till death?
 But Peter and his scolding wife
 Wage such an endless war of strife,
 You'd swear, on passing Peter's door,
 That man and wife at least were *four*.

"Don't you think there would be much more blood-
 shed than now,
 If the women, like men, their own wars might be
 waging?"
 Quoth cynical Dick. Said his friend, "I allow
 That there might, for I'm sure they'd be always
engaging."

On a Glutton.

GUTTLE's god is beef and mutton,
 Proverbially he's dubb'd a glutton;
 Whilst he with indignation sweats
 And swears *one meal a day* he eats.
 One meal a day? True, Guttle's right:
 But that meal lasts from morn till night.

Brag.

THE initials of Brougham, Russell, Althorp, and Grey,
 If rightly disposed, the word *Brag* will display;
 Transpose them, and *Grab* will appear to the view;
 Which hints at what many assert to be true—
 That they, like former statesmen, still follow the plan,
 First to *brag* what they'll do, and then *grab* all they can.

The Royal Exchange.

WHERE genius starves and dulness thrives,
 Where riches virtue are esteem'd
 And craft is truest wisdom deem'd,
 Where commerce proudly rears her throne,
 In state to other lands unknown :
 Where to be cheated and to cheat,
 Strangers from every quarter meet ;
 Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
 United in commercial bands :
 All of one faith, and that to own
 No god but Interest alone.

CHURCHILL.

Whiggish Presumption.

“THE Queen is with us,” Whigs exulting say,
 “For when she found us in she let us stay.”
 It may be so ; but give me leave to doubt,
 How long she'll keep you, when she finds you out.

Punning.

THAT punning is an idle sport,
 And of all wit the *lowest* fort,
 I grant ; for by its station,
 'Tis evidently wit's foundation.

An Author's apology for knocking a Printer's teeth out.

I MUST confess that I was somewhat warm :
 I broke his teeth. But where's the mighty harm ?
 My works, he said, would not afford him meat
 And teeth are useless, when there's nought to eat.

T. SHERIDAN.

*To the author of an Epitaph on the celebrated
Dr. Mead.*

MEAD's not dead then, you say; only sleeping a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
—Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

HACKETT.

THAT ignorance makes devout, if right the notion,
Troth, Rufus, thou'rt a man of great devotion.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.

POPE.

*On the performance of a new Tragedy, entitled William
Tell, at Drury Lane Theatre.*

You tell us *William Tell* succeeded! It is well:
If you tell truly, then *Will Tell* will tell.

On Milton's Wife.

WHEN Milton was blind, as all the world knows,
He married a wife, whom his friend call'd a rose;
"I am no judge of flowers, but indeed," cried the poet,
"If she be a *rose*, by the *thorns* I may know it."

On hearing a wealthy Young Lady maintain that the same causes always produce the same effects; many Gentlemen having called on her during the argument.

THAT opposite effects may flow
From the same cause, 'tis clear 's no hum;
For money makes the *mare* to go,
But makes the *men* to come.

On seeing a pompous Funeral for a bad Husband.

“WHY for your spouse this pompous fuss?
Was he not all his life your curse?
Did he not teaze, and scold, and fight,
And plague you morning, noon, and night?”

“True, but at length one single action
Made up for each past malefaction.”

“Indeed! what was this action, pray?”

“Why, Sir, it was—he died one day.”

On a Gentleman bringing on a severe fit of illness by an excess in walking exercise, in order to preserve his health.

PRITHEE cease, my good friend, to expend thus your
breath;

'Tis in vain these exertions you make:
And to “*walk for your life*” against sure-footed Death,
Is the very “worst step you can take!”

On a Man becoming suddenly Bald.

ALL the hairs of Tom's head have quite left it of late:
Yes! they wisely withdrew from so foolish a pate!

On a stupid and miserly Physician. From the Italian.

CROWDS of patients every hour
Sordid Galen's aid demand ;
And still golden guineas shower
Into his still extended hand :

Yet, those he *takes*, he dares not spend,
But to his *useless* heap still heaps them ;
Say, who's the greatest fool, my friend,
You who *give*, or *he* who keeps them ?

The Anniversary.

KEEPING Tom's wedding day, his friends
Boozed till their brains were addled ;
They drank his *bridal day* ! 'Tom sigh'd,
"That same day I was *saddled*."

On Queen Dido.

ALAS ! poor Dido, in what shocking plight
Your husbands' fates have left you :
Since one by dying caused your flight,
And t'other's flight of life bereft you.

Rochester's Grace at a Miser's Feast.

THANKS for this miracle ! It is no less
Than manna dropping in the wilderness.
Chimnies have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.

To Linus. (Lib. ii. Ep. 38.)

WHAT my farm yields me, dost thou urge to know ?
This, that I see not thee, when there I go.

Brighton.

TELL me why on Brighton church you see
 A golden shark* display'd,
 Unless 'twere aptly meant to be
 An emblem of its trade?
 Nor can the truth so well be told
 In any other way;
 Brighton's the shark that lives on gold,
 The company its prey.

Tom Moore. A lady having found a copy of Little's Poems under the pillow of her maid's bed, wrote on it in pencil:—

You read *Little* I guess,
 I wish you'd read *less*.

Under which, inspired by the march of intellect, the maid wrote:—

I read *Little* before,
 Now I mean to read *Moore*.

The Mortgage. From Catullus.

"DEAR Furius, you may rest assured,
 My country-house is well secured."
 "How? With good timber, stone, and plaster,
 From wind, and rain, and all disaster?"
 "Ah, no! but by a certain skin,
 Which is encased in painted tin,
 It is secured for "money lent,"
 To a curst son of Ten-per-Cent."

THEODORE MARTIN.

* Placed on the new church.

*To Mr. Hobhouse, on his election for Westminster.
By Lord Byron.*

WOULD you get to the House through the true gate,
Much quicker than even Whig Charley went,
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

On a Bankrupt, lately turned Preacher.

No more by creditors perplex'd,
Or ruin'd tradesmen's angry din;
He boldly preaches from the text,
"A stranger, and I took him in."

*On hearing a Lady assert that the lot of men had, in all
ages, been better than that of women; and that all
history, sacred and profane, proved it.*

WHAT *men* than *women* greater blessings share?
How false the charge, one instance shall declare.
When *woman*,* looking back, saw things denied
To mortal eye to view—the only died!
When *man** look'd back, a harder fate he proved;
He *lived* to weep the loss of her he loved.

*On hearing a Gentleman boast of the antiquity of his
family.*

THAT your family's ancient, I would not dispute,
Even though you should claim your descent from a
Brute.

* Alluding, I believe, to Lot's wife in *sacred*, and Orpheus in *profane* history.

True Friends.

WELL said, my friend, I like your creed,
That friends in need are friends indeed :
Thus you and I are friends most true,
For I'm in need, and so are you !

To an Odd Gentleman.

IN Noah's days if *you* had lived,
He'd have been puzzled what to do ;
For Lord knows, how he'd have contrived
To find *two* animals like you.

On a Rich Cobbler. (Lib. iii. Ep. 16.)

A HAUGHTY enrich'd cobbler durst bestow
A most profuse and princely fencers-show :
What in his life he earnèd by the awl,
At sword and buckler-fight he wasted all.
Sure thou wert drunk ; thou couldst not, cobbler, play,
In any sober mood, thy hide away.
Enough of shows ; now to thy skins abide :
Fear what befel the ass i' th' lion's hide.

To a Fool going to travel.

You say you'll spend a thousand pound
The world and men to know,
And take a tour all *Europe* round,
Improving as you go.
Dear Jack, in search of others' sense
Discover not your own ;
But wisely double the expense
That you may pass unknown.

The Priest and the Ostler.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
 An honest ostler to confession went.
 And there of sins a long extended score,
 Of various shape and size he mumbled o'er;
 Till having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
 For any moderate conscience quite enough,
 He ceased. "What more?" the reverend father
 cried.

"No more," th' unburthen'd penitent replied.
 "But," said the artful priest, "yet unreveal'd,
 There lurks one darling vice within your thoughts conceal'd.

Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
 Ne'er grease the horses' teeth to spoil their eating?"

"Never," cried Crop. So then to close each strain,
 He was absolved, and sent to sin again.

Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience
 feeling,

Crop at confessional again was kneeling,
 When lo! at every step his conscience easing,
 Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth and greasing;
 "Sancta Maria!" cried the astonish'd priest,
 "How much your sins have with your days increased!
 When last I saw you, you denied all this."

"True," said the ostler, "very true it is,
 And also true, that, till that blessed time,
 I never, father, heard of such a crime."

A Character.

SOMETIMES to sense; sometimes to nonsense leaning;
 But always blund'ring round about his meaning.

*On reading of the Execution of a Malefactor whose
name was Vowell.*

“VOWELL!” quoth Ned, with sigh profound,
 “The forfeit now is paid;
 Thy num’rous crimes have justice found,
 Though justice was delay’d.”
 “True,” says his friend, “but cease, I pray,
 Suppress at once your sigh,
 Since, thank our stars, no one can say,
 ’Tis either U or I.”

The Captain and the Doctor.

A ROBBER on a captain popt,
 The valiant hero fled!
 He afterwards a doctor stopt,
 The doctor shot him dead.

Answer.

THERE’S nothing new in this affair,
 ’Tis practised every day—
 Physicians still, with courage kill,
 While soldiers run away.

On Affricanus. (Lib. xii. Ep. 10.)

Affrican millions has, and yet does groan,
Fortune can give too much, enough to none.

Plain Dealing.

My verses oft displease you—what’s the matter?
 You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

Military Jeu-d'Esprit.

A COLONEL, by Chronicles, late it appears,
 In style gave a feed to his crack volunteers ;
 The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
 His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
 The commandant thus to his right and left wing
 Said, " Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the king !"
 A jolly sub. eyeing his glass at the time,
 Cried, " Colonel, here's hardly enough for a *prime* !"

The Lame Beggar.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
 To *stand or move*. If he says true, he *lies*.
J. H.

The Man of Fashion's Diary.

I LAUGH, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game, drink,
 Do all that mortal man can do—but think.

The Affirmative.

WHEN Celia was ask'd if to church she would go,
 The fair one replied to me, " No, Richard, no."
 At her meaning I ventured a pretty good guess ;
 For from grammar I learn'd " No and no stood for yes !"

*On One who thought he had invented a Method of
 flying to the Moon.*

AND will Volatio quit this world so soon ?
 And fly to his own native seat, the moon ?
 'Twill serve, however, in some little stead,
 That he sets out with such an empty head.
DODDRIDGE.

Whig and Tory. By Aaron Hill.

WHIG and Tory scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs, we see :
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight,
Throw a couple, they agree.

The most Fashionable Diner.

THE gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteem'd the greatest ;
But surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

“ Brevis esse laboro.”

CELIA her sex's foible shuns ;
Her tongue no length of larum runs ;
Two phrases answer every part :
One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart :
I will, she said, when made a bride ;—
I won't—through all her life beside.

The Doctor and Undertakers.

AT Highgate, by salubrious air,
Had thriven butchers, bakers ;
But since a doctor settled there,
None thrive but undertakers.

On a Bad Orator.

You move the people when you speak,
For, one by one, away they sneak.

“*Quod petis, hic est.*”

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight ;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night ;

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby-angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup ;
But Joan was not like John ;
For when *her* lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she ne'er changed a jot :
She loved to see the Angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd ;
And where the *Angel* stood so plain,
He got a *Devil* portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever, when she seized her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrify'd ;
His hair stood on his pate ;

And, "Why dost guzzle now," he cried,
 "At this enormous rate?"

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop;
 For sure 'twould be a burning shame
 To leave the devil a drop!"

S. B.

Philosophical Milkmen.

THAT milkmen are philosophers 'tis true,
 They keep celestial elements in view;
 And howsoe'er their fellow-men complain
 Of dismal prospects and incessant rain,
 Their scene's transform'd to *sky-blue* twice a day,
 They get their living by the *milky way*.

New Taxes.

DURING the late "heaven-born minister's" administration the following epigram appeared:—

Says Billy,* quite vex'd, "What can we tax next,
 I wish some good fellow would show."
 "Why, hark," replied one, "'twill bring in a round
 fum,
 Tax each curse that is vented on you."

To the Gas Makers.

OUR morals as well as appearance must show
 What praise to your labours and science we owe.
 Our streets and our manners you've equally brighten'd,
 Our city's less *wick-ed*, and much more *enlighten'd*.

* Pitt the younger.

On the Late War.

WHENE'ER contending parties fight,
 For private pique, or public right ;
 Armies are raised, the fleets are mann'd,
 They combat both by sea and land.
 When, after many battles past,
 Both, tired with blows, make peace at last ;
 What is it, after all, they get ?
 Why, widows, taxes, wooden legs, and debt !!!

*On Heavenly Love. On Christ's Answer, that in
 Heaven—"neque nubent, neque nubentur."*

PLURIMUS in cœlis amor est, connubia nulla ;
 Conjugia in terris plurima, nullus amor.

OWEN'S *Epigrams*.

Translation.

IN heaven they love, but do not marry :
 On earth we wed ; our dreams of love miscarry.

On Sir Walter Scott's Poem of Waterloo.

By Lord Erskine.

ON Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
 Full many a gallant man lies slain ;
 But none, by bullet or by shot,
 Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

The Power of Gold.

GOLD is so ductile, learned chymists say,
 That half an ounce will stretch a wond'rous way ;
 The metal's base, or else the chymists err,
 For now-a-days our sovereigns wont go far !

*On a General Thanksgiving, written on a Church-door
on a Day of Thanksgiving, during the
American War.*

VAIN-GLORIOUS man, are these thy pranks,
First murder men,
Then give God thanks?
Vile hypocrite, proceed no further,
For God receives
No thanks for murder.

Rhyme for "Porringer."

LORD ROSS, having proposed a prize as a reward to any one who should find a rhyme to the word "Porringer," received the following epigram:—

The Duke of York a daughter had ;
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
And now, my lord, I claim the prize
For finding rhyme to "Porringer."

On Prince Talleyrand.

SEVEN cities boasted Homer's birth, 'tis true,
But twenty boast of not producing you.

On the Marriage of J. Thomas to E. Lott.

SINCE Thomas, who was lately free,
In Hymen's noose hath got,
I wish him joy, and hope he'll be
Contented with his Lott.

To make a Guinea.

As Quin and Foote one day walk'd out,
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood they chatting stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his pocket a shilling took,
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space, within this place,
 I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground, within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown:
 "Behold," said Foote, "the thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not," says Quin, "that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way your debts to pay,
 One shilling in the pound."

T. W. CROKER.

WHEN ask'd by Allen t'other day,
 What fish I fain would face,
 "Turbot," I said, "was my delight ;"
 But Allen swore 'twas Plaice.

T. W. CROKER.

Epigram on Epigrams.

THE best of epigrams should be restrain'd,—
 As to be read, in running, and retain'd.

On Erin.

JUSTICE for Ireland ! rends the sky,
 Shouted by many a Popish traitor ;
 Justice for Ireland ! too we cry,
 “ Hang every agitator.”

“ WHATEVER is, is right,” says Pope,
 So said a sturdy thief ;
 But when his fate required a rope,
 He varied his belief.

I ask’d if still he held it good ;
 “ Why, no,” he sternly cried ;
 “ Good texts are only understood
 By being well applied.”

Out of Spirits.

“ Is my wife out of spirits ?” said John, with a sigh,
 As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
 “ Quite out, Sir, indeed,” said her maid in reply,
 “ For she finish’d the bottle this morning.”

*On Mr. Griffith, Landlord of the Angel at Oxford,
 changing the name of his hotel after the visit of
 Queen Adelaide.*

WHEN classic Oxford’s ancient towers
 By Adelaide were seen,
 Proudly her loyal host exchanged
 His *Angel* for a *Queen*.

Virtue and faith, when time is o’er,
 The bright reverse shall prove ;
 The *Queen* an *Angel* shall be found
 Among the blest above.

To a Critic.

You say that "in scribbling no figure I cut;"
 No comment with truth can be rifer,
 For while I cut *you*, should the question be put,
 I must own that I cut but a *cipher*.

It is a maxim in the schools
 That women always doat on fools;
 If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
 Must love you as she does her life.

On Bonaparte's Failure in Russia.

Of all hard-named generals that caused much dis-
 traction
 And poor Boney's hopes so ill-naturedly cross'd,
 The hardest of all, and the *keenest* in action,
 That Russia produces is *General Frost*.

On the Marriage of Miss Little, a lady remarkably short in stature.

THRICE happy Tom—I think him so;
 For, mark the poet's song,
 "Man wants but *little* here below,
 Nor wants that *little* long."

The Last Debt.

"OH, let me die in peace!" Eumenes cried,
 To a hard creditor at his bed side.
 "How, die!" roar'd Gripus, "thus your debts evade!
 No, no, Sir, you shan't die till I am paid."

April-Fool Day. To Mr. —, on receiving a blank letter from him on the first of April.

I PARDON, Sir, the trick you've play'd me,
When an *April fool* you made me ;
Since *one day* only I appear,
What you, alas ! do *all the year*.

Charles James Fox's Reply to Mrs. Montague, who had said to him, "She did not care three skips of a louse for him or his politics."

SAYS Montague to me, and in her own house,
"I do not care for you three skips of a louse."
I forgive it; for women, however well bred,
Will still talk of that which runs most in their head.

WHILE Adam slept, from him his Eve arose :
Strange ! his first sleep should be his last repose.

"*No Cure, no Pay.*" " *No Pay, no Cure.*"

WHEN Doctor Lotion first began
To practise on the frame of man,
He bore but humble sway :
Each morn his hospitable door
Was open, gratis, to the poor,
'Twas then—"No cure, no pay."

At length, with cane and pond'rous wig,
The doctor struts, a perfect prig,
In eminence secure ;
The former system quite deranged,
The poor forgot, the motto changed,
'Tis now—"No pay, no cure."

The Two Singers.

Two fingers were oft in contention quite warm,
 Which most, when they tuned up their windpipes, could
 charm ;
 To a master of music they jointly applied,
 This often-contested affair to decide.
 They quaver'd, they shaked, and such graces were
 shown,
 That each took for granted the prize was his own.
 "Indeed, my good friend," cries the judge to the first,
 "Of all earthly fingers, I think *you're the worst* :
 But as for you, friend," (turning round to the other,)
 " *You can't sing at all*—so must yield to your brother."

The Plagiarist.

"A MAN of letters—Smith!" we all agree ;
 A man of letters—yes, a man of three (*fur*).

Brotherly Kindness.

SIR Hector brags he's rich and great,
 And lives upon his own estate ;
 But he permits his younger brothers
 To live upon th' estates of others.

SUCH a liar as Peter I never came nigh ;
 Put the truth in his mouth, it will come out a lie.

The Orators.

To wonder now at Balaam's ass, is weak ;
 Is there a day that asses do not speak

Addressed to Electors.

“GIVE me your vote,” Sir Canvas cries,
“And I’ll take care your son shall rise.”
The promise made, he quits the door,
Nor thinks of boy or promise more.
Meanwhile the youth, to learning bred,
Gets lofty notions in his head :
But when his patron he affails,
And finds each golden prospect fails,
To beg ashamed, to work untaught,
He takes a purse, is fairly caught,
And soon rewarded with a halter ;
Thus proves the knight his kind exalter.

WHEN Trott in coach his foot first set,
He blush’d, and back a step reclined ;
For Trott himself could not forget
How many years he rode behind.

Truth told at Last.

“An union on principle,” cries Fox, “I require !”
“An union on principle,” says Pitt, “I admire !”
Still this union’s delay’d, and on very good ground ;
For where, pray, is principle now to be found ?
Our principal statesmen are unprincipled jugglers ;
Our principal merchants unprincipled sinugglers ;
Our principal rich are unprincipled knaves
And our principal poor their unprincipled slaves.
Through court, city, and country, we vainly pursue
A phantom much talk’d of—but never in view.

The two Wretches.

RICH Gripe doth all his thoughts and cunning bend
 To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend :
 Poor Shifter ! doth his whole contrivance set
 To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
 How happy would appear to each his fate,
 Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate !
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them, if you can ;
 And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

A Wonder to be wondered at.

SYLVIA makes sad complaints, " She's lost her lover !"
 Well, nothing strange can I in this discover.
 " Nay, then thou'rt dull—for here the wonder lies ;
 She had a lover once—don't that surprise ?"

To a Gossiping Apothecary.

To swallow down thy med'cine is a curse ;
 To hear thy noxious scandal ten times worse ;
 Inhuman wretch ! repent thee of the wrong ;
 Thy physic kills enough, without thy poisonous tongue.

Rule of the Road.

THE rule of the road it is a paradox quite
 Both in riding and driving along ;
 If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
 If you go to the right you go wrong :
 But in walking the streets, 'tis a different case,
 To the right it is right you should bear,
 To the left should be left quite enough of free space
 For the persons you chance to meet there.

*Port and Claret.**

FIRM and erect the Caledonian stood,
 Prime was his mutton, and his claret good ;
 "Let him drink port," an English statesman cried.
 He drank the poison and his spirit died.

The Miserly Host.

"You see," said our host, as we enter'd his doors,
 "I have finish'd my house à la Louis Quatorze."
 "I wish," said a guest, "when you ask us to eat,
 You would furnish your board à la Louis Dixhuit.
 The eye cannot feast when the stomach is starving,
 Pray less of your *gilding* and more of your *carving*."

Which Men are preferable.

WHETHER tall men, or short men are best,
 Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
 I can't say, but I this can protest,
 All the fair are in favour of *by—men*.

Theodore Hook one day sitting at the piano and extemporising verses on the names of the company who were present, saw a Mr. Winter enter the room, and at once started off as follows:—

HERE comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
 I advise you to give him whatever he axes ;
 And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
 For though his name's Winter his actions are summary.

* John Home, the author of *Douglas*, had the old Scottish prepossession in favour of claret, and utterly detested port; when claret was expelled from the market by high duties, he wrote the above epigram.

Conjugal Patience.

SIR Simon, as snoring he lay in his bed,
 Was awaked by the cry, "Sir, your lady is dead."
 He heard, and returning to slumber quoth he,
 "In the morn when I wake, oh! how grieved I shall be."

The Fortunate Defect.

How like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes!
 What life! what expression! what spirit!
 It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse,
 "That want is its principal merit."

On a Woman of sixty years of age marrying a Lad of seventeen.

HARD is the fate of ev'ry childless wife,
 The thoughts of wedlock tantalize her life.
 Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done,
 To choose a child and husband both in one.

Complaint of the Ghost of Butler, author of Hudibras, against his pretended monument in Westminster Abbey.

AGAIN my garret-poverty is shown
 By the mean cov'ring of this Portland stone;
 I lose my fame as martyrs lose their breath,
 For, like St. Stephen, I am stoned to death.

On receiving a Brace of Pheasants from a Law Clerk named Copeman.

IN Copeman's ear this truth let echo tell,
 "Immortal bards like mortal pheasants well:"
 And when his clerkship's out, I wish him herds
 Of golden clients for his golden birds.

COWPER.

The Looking-glass.

IN a false glass, Joe loves himself to spy,
If 'twere a true one, he the glass would fly.

A Tail-piece.

THOUGH in his labour many a fault appears,
For two alone the partial parent fears!
(Good, ghostly critics, grant him absolution)
They are as follows—*plan* and *execution*.







PART II.

MORAL AND PANEGYRICAL
EPIGRAMS.





PART II.

MORAL AND PANEGYRICAL

EPIGRAMS.

*Greek Epigram, Lucian, inscribed on a Column erected
in a Piece of Land that had been often bought and
sold, imitated.*

T, whom thou see'st begirt with tow'ring
oaks,
Was once the property of John O'Nokes :
On him prosperity no longer smiles,
And now I feed the flocks of John O'Stiles.
My former master call'd me by his name ;
My present owner fondly does the same :
While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
For Fortune, Fortune ! I am thine alone.

The Game of Life.

Who has the better game still fears the end ;
Who has the worst, still hopes his game will mend.

*The Emperor Hadrian's Address to his Soul when dying.***Translations.*

1.

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
 Friend and associate of this clay,
 To what unknown region borne,
 Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight,
 No more with wonted humour gay,
 But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn?

BYRON.

2.

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
 Must we no longer live together?
 And dost thou plume thy trembling wing,
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
 Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
 Lies all neglected, all forgot;
 And, pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

PRIOR.

3.

Ah! fleeting spirit, wandering fire,
 That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
 Must thou no more this frame inspire;
 No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?

* Animula! vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
 To that dark undiscover'd shore ?
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
 And wit and humour are no more !

POPE.

*On Dr. Doddridge's Motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus."
 By himself.*

"LIVE while you live," the epicure would say,
 "And seize the pleasure of the present day."
 "Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
 "And give to *God* each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be !
 I live in pleasure while I live to *Thee* !"

The Soul.

THE soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

Time.

OLD father Time stands still for none ;
 This moment here, the next he's gone ;
 And though you speak him e'er so kind,
 He never lags one step behind ;
 If, then, with Time you'd forward be,
 You e'en must run as fast as he.

On Fear.

IF evils come not, then our fears are vain ;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Hope.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

Memory.

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe :
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

Unobtrusive Beauty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright ;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.

The Way to be Happy.

“BEAR and forbear,” thus preach the Stoic sages,
 And in two words include the sense of pages,
 “With patience *bear* life’s certain ills ; and oh !
Forbear those pleasures that must end in woe.”

Prudent Simplicity ; from the Latin of Owen.

THAT thou may’st injure no man, dovelike be,
 And serpentlike, that none may injure thee.

COWPER.

Reciprocal Obligation.

MAN and money a mutual friendship show ;
 Man makes false money ; money makes man so.

Life, a Theatre ; from Palladas of Alexandria.

THIS life a theatre we well may call,
 Where every actor must perform with art ;
 Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
 Or learn to play with grace his tragic part.

*On three Preachers of St. Mary’s, Cambridge,
 attacking Calvin.*

THREE preachers, in three distant counties born,
 The Church of England’s doctrines do adorn :
 Harsh Calvin’s mystic tenets were their mark,
 Founded in texts perverted, gloomy, dark ;
Butler in clearness and in force surpass’d ;
Maltby with sweetness spoke of ages past :
 Whilst *Marsh* himself, who scarce could further go,
 With criticism’s fetters bound the foe.

On Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

On Death. From the Greek of Agathias.

WHY fear ye death, the parent of repose,
 Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
 He comes but only once; nor ever throws,
 Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.
 But countless ills upon our life intrude,
 Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.

From the Greek of Philo.

A HOARY head, with sense combined,
 Claims veneration from mankind;
 But, if with folly join'd, it bears
 The badge of ignominious years.

Grey locks will pass for sapience well
 Until your tongue dissolve the spell;
 Then, as in youth, 'twill all appear
 No longer sense, but merely hair.

On Love and Friendship.

THE love that's cold, or friendship that's not warm,
 Does no one good—but may do many harm.

Picture of Old Age ; from the Greek.

THESE shrivell'd sinews and this bending frame
 The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim,
 Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
 And make that crooked which they fashion straight.
 Hard choice for man to die—or else to be
 That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see ;
 Age, then, we all prefer—for age we pray,
 And travel on to life's last lingering day.
 Then sinking slowly down, from worse to worse,
 Find Heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.

On Wellington.

EUROPE and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
 Invincible in war thy deathless name ;
 Now round thy brows the civic wreath we twine,
 That every earthly glory may be thine.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
 Dug from the Indian mine :
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gift abounds—
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

Praise of a Lady's Grey Hair.

THOUGH age has changed thee—late so fair,
 I love thee ne'er the worse :
 For when he took thy golden hair,
 He fill'd with gold thy purse.

On Those who fell at Thermopylæ.

GREATLY to die—if this be glory's height,
 For the fair meed we own our fortune kind ;
 For Greece and liberty we plunged to night,
 And left a never-ending fame behind.

On Lord Chancellor Somers.

SOMERS by nature great, and born to rise,
 In counsel wary and in conduct wise,
 His judgment steady and his genius strong,
 And all men own the music of his tongue.

For a Suitor in Chancery.

AH ! little know'st thou, who hast never tried,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
 To lose good days that might be better spent,
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on home, to pine with fear and sorrow ;
 To fret the soul with crosses and with care,
 To eat the heart with comfortless despair.

SPENSER.

Æsop's Fables.

OLD Æsop taught vain man to look
 In Nature's much neglected book,
 To birds and beasts by giving speech,
 For lessons out of common reach.
 They whisper truths in reason's ear,
 If human pride would stoop to hear—
 Nay, often in loud clamours crave
 The rights which bounteous Nature gave.

On the Charms of my Mistress. From the Greek.

THREE goddesses once by young Paris were seen,
 And well might he boast of so noble a fight;
 But as lately with lovely Belinda I've been,
 I can boast of more joys, and a vision more bright.
 Belinda is Juno whenever she walks,
 Like Venus she smiles, and like Pallas she talks.

On Cromwell and De Witt.

DE WITT and Cromwell had each a brave soul;
 I freely confess it, I am for old Noll.
 Though his government did a tyrant resemble,
 He made England great and his enemies tremble.

Freedom.

AH! Freedom is a noble thing:
 Freedom makes man to haïff lyking.
 Freedom all solace to men gives,
 He lives at ease, that freely lives.

From BARBOUR'S Poem of "The Bruce."

Sloth the cause of Ennui.

OF those, who time so ill support,
 The calculation's wrong;
 Else, why is *life* accounted short,
 While *days* appear so long?
 By action 'tis we life enjoy;
 In idleness we're dead;
 The soul's a fire will self destroy
 If not with fuel fed.

VOLTAIRE.

Love—Joy.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
 I saw a vine drop grapes with J. and C.
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my judgment) said, "It seem'd to me
 To be the body and the letters both
 Of joy and charity." "Sir, you have not miss'd,"
 The man replied; "it figures Jesus Christ."

GEO. HERBERT.

Avarice.

BUT as for av'rice, 'tis the very devil:
 The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
 The cancer of the heart, the worst of ills;
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;
 No flower of virtue near it lives.
 Like aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills.
 In ev'ry soil behold the poison spring!
 Can taint the beggar and infect the king.

From the Greek of Archias.

THRACIANS, who howl around an infant's birth,
 And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth,
 Well in your grief and gladness are express'd
 That life is labour, and that death is rest.

Elegant Wit.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
 Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Against Intemperance.

WHILE on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline,
 Dissolved by Bacchus and the Queen of Love,
 Remember, Gout's a daughter of that line,
 And she'll dissolve them soon, my friend, by Jove.
 HEDYLUS.

The Dangler.

CHARM'D with the empty sound of pompous words,
 Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords !
 Whilst rank and titles all his thoughts employ,
 For these he barter every social joy.
 For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
 He lives in form, and often starves in state.
 Carlo, enjoy thy peer ! content to be
 Rather a slave to him than friend to me.
 Go, sell the substance to retain the show ;
 May you seem happy—whilst I'm really so.

*Translation of a Latin inscription on a cannon-ball
 which killed Mr. Nichols, Governor of Long Island,
 in 1672.*

“Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis.”

THOUGH you charge me with ill, curse the day of my
 birth,
 And accuse me of tearing a faint from the earth ;
 Yet still to the dead let due credit be given,
 It has hasten'd the flight of an angel to heaven.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

To stone the gods have changed her—but in vain,
 The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

On a Shadow.

THE sun now clear, serene the golden skies,
 Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies ;
 A cloud succeeds, the sun-shine now is o'er,
 The fleeting phantom, fled, is seen no more :
 With your bright day its progress too does end ;
 See here, vain man ! the picture of your friend.

On Miss Foote, the Actress.

HAD fair Maria's form but met the eyes
 Of Paris when he yielded up the golden prize,
 Not long he'd paused 'twixt fear and duty,
 But straight have crown'd a mortal queen of beauty.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.

GREAT Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
 Yet not to birth alone did *Homer* owe
 His won'drous worth ; what *Egypt* could bestow,
 With all the schools of *Greece* and *Asia* join'd :
 Enlarged th' immense expansion of his mind,
 Nor yet unrivall'd the *Mæonian* strain,
 The *British* eagle* and the Mantuan swan
 Tow'r equal heights. But, happier *Stratford*, thou
 With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow ;
 Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
 More than all *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Asia* taught.
 Not *Homer's* self such matchless honours won ;
 The *Greek* has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

* Milton.

From Martial. (Lib. i. Epig. 9.)

THAT you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate;
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart;
More to *my* wish you act the Roman's part,
I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves:
Give *me* the man, who merits praise and lives.

HAY.

On the Statue of Alexander. From the Greek.

THE sculptor's art can brass with life inspire,
Show Alexander's features and his fire:
The statue seems to say, with up-cast eye,
Beneath *my* rule the globe of earth shall lie;
Be *thou*, O Jove, contented with thy sky.

On Menander. From the Greek.

THE very bees, O sweet Menander, hung,
To taste the muse's spring, upon thy tongue:
The very *Graces* made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit:
Thus still you live; you make your Athens shine,
And raise *her* glory to the skies in *thine*.

On Homer. From the Greek.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains
And still in view the fate of Troy remains;
Still *Ajax* fights; still *Hector's* dragg'd along;
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the *world* is proud, that *he* was born.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

NATURE, and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

POPE.

Hate.

ALAS! to think that love decays,
 And friendship wears with length of days,
 And hands disjoin and hearts dis sever,
 But hate lives, grows, and lasts for ever.

TARLETON.

The Hatred of Women.

MEN hate, because in act or strife
 They cross each other's path ;
 Short is the space for jealousy,
 And fierce the hour of wrath :
 But woman's hate runs deeper far,
 Though shallower at the spring ;
 Right seldom is it they forget
 The shaft that gall'd their wing.
 A fairer face, a higher place,
 More worship, more applause,
 Will make a woman loathe her friend
 Without a deadlier cause.

AYTOUN's *Bothwell*.

OF what avail are wealth and power,
 Rank, worship,—all we seek to win,
 Unless they bring the priceless dower
 Of rest and hope and peace within?

AYTOUN's *Bothwell*.

The Right Divine of Kings.

WHEN God's vicegerents on the earth
Know how to rule and shine,
With splendour as becomes their place,
Then is their right divine.

AYTOUN'S *Bothwell*.

The Artful Fair.

COQUET and airy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting, to seem unaffected.
With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.
She likes herself, yet others hates,
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

The Ant, an example of industry and providence.

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duty, or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

The Power of Ridicule.

SAFE from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
And touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

Marriage.

THE sum of all that makes a just man happy,
Consists in the well choosing of his wife ;
And then, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, and fortune.

MASSINGER.

KEEP death and judgment always in your eye,
None is fit to live, but who is fit to die ;
Make use of present time, because you must
Take up your lodging shortly in the dust ;
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,
And night approaching ere your work is done.

From Plato.

I WHO, erewhile, in fame and beauty proud,
Before my lattice drew an amorous crowd,
Lais the fair, my hateful glass resign,
An offering, heavenly Venus, at thy shrine ;
For what I am, 'tis piteous to behold,
And time has ruin'd what I was of old.

The Church.

THE Church is not yon fabric of wood and stone,
Rear'd by the labourer's toil and builder's art ;
The Church is there where God has set his throne,
And where he dwells within the living heart.

The Consequence of Law.

ONCE, (says an author, where I need not say,)
 Two trav'lers found an *oyster* in their way ;
 Both fierce, both hungry ; the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, Dame *Justice* pass'd along.
 Before her each, with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame *Justice*, weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
 The cause of strife removed, so rarely well,
 There, take, says *Justice*, take ye each a shell.
 We thrive at *Westminster* on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat *oyster*—Live in peace—Adieu !

The Parallel: between John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Churchill, the Poet.

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
 And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes ;
 A greater Churchill now demands our praise,
 And the palm yields to the poetic bays :
 Though John fought nobly at his army's head,
 And slew his thousands with the balls of lead ;
 Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
 Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

On the words "One Prior," in the second volume of Bishop Burnet's History.

"ONE Prior !" and is this, this all the fame
 The poet from the historian can claim ?
 No, Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
 When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.

Wise, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise,
 The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise;
 For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shared,
 Their heroes written, and their lives compared.
 But *thou thyself* couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but *thine* has none.

DRYDEN.

A Hint to Gamesters.

ACCEPT this advice, you who sit down to play,
 The best *throw* of the dice is to throw them away.

Drunkenness.

BOLD thief, indeed! that steals, before his face,
 The man away, and leaves a beast in 's place.

On the Burning of Lord Mansfield's Library, together with his MSS., by the mob, in 1780.

So, then, the Vandals of our isle,
 Sworn foes to sense and law,
 Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
 Than Roman ever saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
 And many a treasure more,
 The well-judged purchase and the gift
 That graced his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
 The loss was his alone;
 But ages yet to come shall mourn
 The burning of his own.

COWPER.

On the same.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all devouring flame ;
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

O'er Murray's loss the Muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet blest'd the guardian care that kept
His sacred head from harm.

There memory, like the bee that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasured up before.

The lawless herd with fury blind
Have done him cruel wrong ;
The flowers are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.

COWPER.

Long and Short Life.

CIRCLES are praised not that abound
In largeness, but exactly round :
So, life we praise, that does excel,
Not much in time, but acting well.

Be Magnanimous.

How great thy might let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show :
A pow'r to hurt is no such noble thing ;
The toad can poison, and the serpent sting.

To Warren Hastings.

HASTINGS! I knew thee young, and of a mind
 While young, humane, conversable and kind;
 Nor can I well believe thee, gentle then,
 Now grown a villain, and the worst of men.
 But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd
 And worried thee, as not themselves the best.

COWPER.

On a Villain.

THE wise and noble live not long, they say;
 The wicked, too, must die, and dying, what are they?
 Thus deep the curse that you were ever born,
 Though sin point out its promise to thine eye,
 Retorts upon thyself with fiend-like scorn,
 The doubly bitter curse, that thou, e'en thou, *shalt die*.

On Sir Walter Raleigh.

O! HADST thou served the heroine all thy days,
 Had Heav'n from storms of envy screen'd thy bays;
 Hadst thou still flourish'd in a warlike reign,
 Thy *sword* had made a conquest like thy *pen*!
 But nought to such untimely fate could bring
 The valiant subject, but a tim'rous king.

From the Greek of Tymnæus.

GRIEVE not, Philœnis, though condemn'd to die
 Far from thy parent soil and native sky;
 Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile
 And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle;
 To all on Death's last dreary journey bound
 The road is equal, and alike the ground.

Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships, who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

GAY.

On the same.

No friendship will abide the test
That stands on sordid interest
And mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart
Himself well-furnish'd for the part,
And rarely on occasion
To show the virtue that he seeks:
For 'tis an union that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

True friendship has, in short, a grace
More than terrestrial in its face,
That proves it heaven-descended;
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor, when sincerest, so secure
To last till life is ended.

On the late William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P.

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
 Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
 Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthral'd
 From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
 Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
 Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear
 Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause:
 Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution pause
 And weave delay, the better hour is near
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe
 By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.
 Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
 From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

COWPER.

A Reasonable Woman.

I know the thing that's most uncommon:

Envy, be silent, and attend!

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,

Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,

An equal mixture of good humour,

And sensible, soft melancholy.

Has she no faults then, malice says, Sir?

Yes, she has one, I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

The Thracian. From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
 Mourn their babe with many a tear,
 But with undissembled mirth
 Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
 "O the savages!" exclaim,
 "Whether they rejoice or mourn,
 Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern
 And this pleasure would they trace,
 Even they might somewhat learn
 From the savages of Thrace.

The Lawyer's House.

THE lawyer's house, if I have rightly read,
 Is built upon the fool's or madman's head.

*From the Greek of Antipater of Sidon. The Nereids of Corinth lament its destruction.**

WHERE has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from sight,
 Thy ancient treasures, and thy rampart's height?
 Thy godlike fanes and palaces—oh, where
 Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair?
 Relentless war has pour'd around the wall,
 And hardly spared the traces of thy fall.
 We nymphs of ocean deathless yet remain,
 And, sad and silent, sorrow near thy plain.

* The destruction of Corinth, by the stupid Mummius, was an event in the days of Antipater.

On the late Duchess of St. Alban's.

THE line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in arms,
 Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms ;
 Her conqu'ring eyes have made their race complete ;
 They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

Wit.

UNHAPPY wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for the envy which it brings,
 In youth alone, its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost,
 Then most our trouble still, when most admired.
 And still, the more we give, the more required,
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please :
 'Tis what the vicious fear ; the virtuous shun ;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone.

On Flaxman's Penelope, Sept. 1793.

THE suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse
 Whom all this elegance might well seduce.
 Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
 Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

Sunset and Sunrise.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
 Thy death, with deep reflection
 And when again he rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection.

From OWEN.

Woman.

FAIR woman was made to bewitch,
 A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
 A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing, or curse;
 Fair woman was made to be—which?

From the Latin of Owen.

WHEN little more than boy in age,
 I deem'd myself almost a sage;
 But now seem worthier to be styled,
 For ignorance—almost a child.

From the Greek of Julianus.

A SPARTAN, his companion slain,
 Alone from battle fled;
 His mother, kindling with disdain
 That she had borne him, struck him dead;
 For courage, and not birth alone,
 In Sparta, testifies a son.

COWPER.

On Miltiades.

MILTIADES! thy valour best
 (Although in every region known)
 The men of Persia can attest,
 Taught by thyself at Marthon.

*On Christ's First Miracle—Turning Water into Wine
 at Cana.*

"Vidit et erubuit lympba pudica Deum."

THE modest water, awed by power divine,
 Beheld its God, and blush'd itself to wine.

From the Greek of Callimachus.

AT morn we placed on his funeral bier
 Young Melanippus ; and at eventide,
 Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
 By her own hand his blooming sister died.
 Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
 Annihilated by a double blow,
 Nor son could hope, nor daughter more to embrace,
 And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

On a True Friend.

HAST thou a friend ? thou hast indeed
 A rich and large supply,
 Treasure to serve your every need,
 Well managed, till you die.

On Flatterers.

No mischief worthier of our fear
 In nature can be found
 Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
 But hollow and unsound ;
 For lull'd into a dangerous dream
 We close infold a foe,
 Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
 The inevitable blow.

On Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.

In spite of quirk, quibble, writ of error, or flaw,
 Since Law* is made justice, seek justice from law.

* Law is the family name.

On Invalids. From the Greek.

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

COWPER.

On a Miser. From the Greek.

ART thou some individual of a kind
Long-lived by nature as the rook or hind?
Heap treasure, then, for if thy need be such,
Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
But man thou seem'st; clear, therefore, from thy breast
This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb
To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom?

The Cause won. From Vincent Bourne.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The prize—at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell—words still suffice;
No single word but has its price:
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.
Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim;
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs when the suit is ended.

Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love ;
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent ; for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Cantab.

WITH two spurs or one ; and no great matter which,
 Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
 Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
 Paid part into hand, you must wait for the rest :
 Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
 And out they both sally for better or worse ;
 His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather ;
 And in violent haste to go not knowing whither :
 Through the fields and the towns, see ! he scampers
 along,
 And is look'd at, and laugh'd at, by old and by young.
 Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with
 blood,
 Down tumbles his horse, man, and all, in the mud.
 In a waggon or chaise shall he finish his route ?
 Oh ! scandalous fate ! he must do it on foot.
 Young gentleman, hear ! I am older than you !
 The advice that I give, I have proved to be true :
 Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
 The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

COWPER.

No Sorrow peculiar to the Sufferer. From Vincent Bourne.

THE lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearſes ;
Still cloſing with a rueful cry,
“ Was ever ſuch a wretch as I ? ”
Yes ! thouſands have endured before
All thy diſtreſs ; ſome, haply more,
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like diſdain :
And if thy Chloe be of ſteel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel ;
Not her alone that cenſure fits,
Nor thou alone haſt loſt thy wits.

On Homer. From the Greek.

SOONER ſhall heaven put out its ſtarry light,
The ſun with noon-day ſplendour deck the night ;
Sooner the ſalt-ſea taſte, like fountains, ſweet,
Or to the living turn the dead their feet,
Than ſhall oblivion ſeize on Homer's name,
And of the page of old deſtroy the fame.

True Riches. From the Greek of Lucian.

THE riches of the mind alone are true ;
All other wealth only more trouble brings.
To him the title of a rich man's due,
Who's able to make uſe of his good things.
But whoſo's mind on calculations dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money,
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey.

*Reply to a Beautiful Woman named Charlotte Ness,
who inquired the meaning of the logical terms abstract
and concrete.*

“SAY what is *abstract*, what *concrete*?

Their difference define.”

They both in one fair person meet,
And that, dear maid, is thine.

“How so? The riddle pray undo.”

I thus your wish express;

For when I lovely Charlotte view,

I then view loveli—*Ness*.

Religion lies not in Eating.

WHO can believe with common sense,

A bacon slice gives God offence?

Or, that a herring hath a charm,

Almighty vengeance to disarm?

Wrapt up in majesty divine,

Does he regard on what we dine?

Human Life.

BEHOLD the child, by Nature's kindly law,

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,

A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper age,

And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age;

Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,

Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

POPE.

Septennial Division of Time. From the Greek of Solon.

THE *seven* first years of life, man's break of day,
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display :
When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His soft and bathful meanings learn to speak :
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date :
Yet is not strength complete till *twenty-eight* :
Thence, to his *five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire :
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care :
With *forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace :
At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire ;
But *sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,
Ere th' unwearied mind has run her length :
And when, from *seventy*, age surveys her last,
Tired, she stops short, and wishes all were past.

The Stage of Life.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's day ;
Some only *break* their *fast*, and so away ;
Others stay *dinner*, and depart full-fed,
The longest age but *sup*s and goes to bed :
He's most in debt that lingers out the day ;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

Enemies.

TALK, as you please, of *Turk* and *Pope*—but I
Still find my neighbour my worst enemy.

The Pure and Zealous Parson.

WIDE was his parish—houses far afunder—
 But he neglected nought for rain or thunder;
 In sickness and in grief to visit all,
 The farthest in his parish, great and small:
 Always on foot, and in his hand a slave.
 This noble example to his flock he gave;
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught;
 Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,
 And this new figure added he thereto,
 That if gold rust, then what should iron do?

CHAUCER.

On a Noisy Fellow.

WILL — both his time and tongue employs
 In emptiness and riot;
 'Tis thus—the shallow make a noise,
 The deep alone are quiet.

A Cure for the Evils of Life.

LORD! if our days be few, why do we spend
 And lavish them to such an evil end?
 Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong
 Ourselves and thee, in wishing them so long?
 Our days decrease, our evils still renew,
 We make them evil, and *Thou* mak'st them few.

Broken Hearts.

BROKEN faith and broken glass,
 Broken legs and arms are seen;
 But for broken *hearts*, we pass
 To what are not, and ne'er have been.

Books.

For many books I care not, and my store
 Might now suffice me, though I had no more
 Than God's two Testaments, and then withal
 That mighty volume which the world we call :
 For these well look'd on, well in mind preserved,
 The present age's passages observed ;
 My private actions seriously o'erview'd,
 My thoughts recall'd, and what of them ensued,
 Are books, which better far instruct me can,
 Than all the other paper-works of man ;
 And some of these I may be reading, too,
 Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

GEORGE WITHER.

On Self-conceit.

HAIL! charming power of self-opinion!
 For none are slaves in thy dominion :
 Secure in thee, the mind's at ease ;
 The vain have only *one* to please.

The Cure of Ambition.

To curb th' ambitious, parsons preach,
 And stories poets feign ;
 And what they frame, and what these teach,
 Is all, alas! in vain.

One remedy is yet in store,
 Which may the madmen save ;
 Tell them that *Brunswick* is no more,
 And show them *William's* grave.

Prayer.

PRAYER highest soars when she most prostrate lies,
 And when she supplicates, she storms the skies.
 Thus to gain Heav'n may seem an easy task,
 For what can be more easy than to ask?
 Yet oft we do by sad experience find,
 That, clogg'd with earth, some prayers are left behind,
 And some, like chaff, blow off by every wind.
 To kneel is easy, to pronounce not hard,
 Then why are some petitioners debarr'd?
 Hear what an ancient oracle declared :
 "Some *sing* their prayers, and some their prayers *say*,
 He's an Elias, who his prayers can pray."
 Reader, remember, when you next repair
 To church or closet, this memoir of prayer.

Friendship no Gift.

It is not kindness we bestow,
 Nor is it all we mean ;
 If riches here we cannot show,
 We cannot gain esteem.
 Man's smile is won by paltry gold,
 Is lost by being poor ;
 His friendship is no gift, but sold
 For int'rest and no more.

Sight better than Sound.

SOUNDS which address the ear are lost and die
 In one short hour ; but that which strikes the eye
 Lives long upon the mind : the faithful sight
 Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.

True Riches.

IRUS, though wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content ;
Corvus unblest'd, with twenty hands
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of Lombard ! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more ?
One, with his poverty, is rich ;
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

On Craggs, Secretary of State.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth ; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved.

POPE.

The Wish.

MAY I through life's uncertain tide
Be still from pain exempt ;
May all my wants be still supplied ;
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But, should your providence divine
A greater bliss intend,
May all these blessings you design,
If e'er those blessings shall be mine,
Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK.

On Bishop Hough.

A BISHOP by his neighbours hated
 Has cause to wish himself translated :
 But why should Hough desire translation,
 Loved and esteem'd by all the nation ?
 Yet, if it be the old man's case,
 I'll lay my life I know the place ;
 'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
 And whither Enoch went before him.

POPE.

Fortune.

WHEN fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill, some hidden mischief near :
 Used to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepared.
 Fickle and false to others she may be ;
 I can complain but of her *constancy*.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Genius and Art.

CONCERNING poets there has been contest,
 Whether they're made by art or nature best ;
 But if I may presume in this affair,
 Among the rest my judgment to declare,
 No art without a genius will avail,
 And parts without the help of art will fail :
 But both ingredients jointly must unite
 Or verse will never shine with a transcendent light.

OLDHAM.

“ Fas est ab hoste doceri.” Virgil.

SEIZE upon truth where'er 'tis found,
 Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,
 On Christian or on heathen ground ;
 The flower's divine where'er it grows ;
 Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose.

The Road to Virtue and to God.

LET not soft slumber close your eyes,
 Before you've recollected thrice
 The train of action through the day :
 Where have my feet chose out their way ?
 What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen ?
 What know I more that's worth the knowing ?
 What have I done that's worth the doing ?
 What have I fought that I should shun ?
 What duty have I left undone ?
 Or into what new follies run ?
 These self-inquiries are the road
 That leads to virtue, and to God.

WATTS.

Honour.

HONOUR's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
 That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
 And imitates her actions where she is not.
 It ought not to be sported with.

ADDISON.

A Reflection at Sea.

SEE how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams, and sparkles for awhile,
 And murm'ring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea ;
 And having swell'd a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity.

Procrastination.

BE wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG.

The Thought of Death.

ALL men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear, which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG.

Victory of the Nile.

FRANCE saw great Nelson chafing o'er the waves
 Her flying heroes and tyrannic slaves;
 Sorely they rued her ill-advised departure;
 They meant to *hunt the Turk*, but *caught a Tartar*.

On a Religious Censorious Woman.

THE law and the gospels you always have by you,
 But for truth and good-nature they seldom come nigh
 you:
 In short, my good creature, the matter of fact is,
 You daily are learning what never you practise.

On a Fine Library.

WITH eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold,
 Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold;
 In life and death one common fate they share,
 And on their backs still all their riches wear.

On Dryden.

DRYDEN, in immortal strain,
 Had raised the table-round again,
 But that a ribald king and court
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
 Demanded for their niggard pay,
 Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
 Licentious satires, song and play:
 The world defrauded of the high design,
 Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty
 line.

WALTER SCOTT.

Gold: its Use and Abuse.

GOLD banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind ;
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill ;
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts,
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Even virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade ;
 And pow'r (when lodged in their possession)
 Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast :
 'Tis avarice, insolence and pride,
 And every shocking vice beside.
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses, like the dews of heav'n :
 Like heav'n, it hears the orphans' cries,
 And wipes the tears from widows' eyes :
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay.
 Let bravoës, then, when blood is spilt,
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

GAY.

Law Maxim.

HE that holdeth his lands in fee
 Need neither to quake nor to quiver,
 I humbly conceive ; for look, do you see,
 They are his and his heirs for ever.

*From LORD CAMPBELL's Lives of the Lord
 Chancellors.*

*On William, Duke of Gloucester's Death, just after
Mr. Dryden's, 1700.*

DRYDEN is dead : *Dryden* alone could sing
The full-grown glories of a future king.
Now *Glou'ster* dies : thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give ;
And scarce survive the muse : but *William* stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands.
William shall shine without a *Dryden's* praise,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

On Lord Dorset, the Poet, and the Patron of Poets.

By fav'ring wit, *Mæcenæ*s purchased fame,
Virgil's own work immortalised his name ;
A double share of fame is *Dorset's* due,
At once the patron, and the poet too.

*The Circumnavigator. At Goodwood, in Suffex, is the
Lion, carved in wood, which adorned the head of the
Centurion, the ship in which Commodore Anson sailed
round the world. It is set up at the Duke of Rich-
mond Inn, with this inscription :—*

STAY, traveller, awhile, and view
I, who have travell'd more than you :
Quite round the globe in each degree,
Anson and I have plough'd the sea ;
Torrid and frigid zones have pass'd,
And safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease and dignity appear,
He in the House of Lords—I here.

On Homer.

WHO first transcribed the famous *Trojan* war,
 And wise *Ulysses'* acts, O *Jove*, make known ;
 For since 'tis certain, thine those poems are,
 No more let *Homer* boast they are his own.

On a Gaming-house.

To this dark cave three gates pertain—
 Hope, Infamy, and Death, we know :
 'Tis by the first you entrance gain,
 By the last two alone you go.

A Poetical Reason for the Fragrance and Colour of the Rose. Speaking of the singular changes effected in flowers by the transmission of their farina, a lady said, "She understood that originally there was but one kind of rose, which was white and nearly scentless. What occasioned," said she, "so beautiful a variety in the species, as the red one, and whence did it derive its odour?" The author immediately, with his pencil, wrote as follows:—

To sinless Eve's admiring sight,
 The rose expanded snowy *white* ;
 When in an ecstasy of bliss,
 She gave the modest flower a kiss ;
 And instantaneous, lo ! it drew
 From her *red lip* its *blushing hue* ;
 While from her *breath* it *sweetness* found,
 And spread new *fragrance* all around.

LUKE BOOKER.

To the celebrated Duke of Marlborough.

By various means th' immortal *Homer* seeks
 To raise the fame of his heroic *Greeks*;
 For one, from coast to coast confus'dly hurl'd,
 To give him room, the bard invents a world;
 Whilst one for ever in the trenches lies,
 And, where he gain'd so many battles, dies.
 In thee the double character unites,
Ulysses wanders, and *Achilles* fights.

On Archbishop Secker.

WHILE Secker lived, he show'd how seers should live;
 While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our eye;
 Where Secker gave, we knew how angels gave;
 When Secker died, we knew even saints must die.

On a Grotto near a Stream. From the Greek.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd Cherub, haunts this spot,
 She slumbers oft in yonder nook;
 If in the shade you find her not,
 Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook.

On Pope's Translation of Homer.

As oft, in vain as he essay'd to tell,
 In foreign tongues, how *Troy* and *Priam* fell;
 Old *Homer* has at last attain'd to speak
 In smoother accents than his native *Greek*:
 Blind heretofore, the bard receives new sight;
 And ev'n in *age* becomes the *fair's* delight:
 How much to Pope is due from *us* and *him*
 Since *Homer nods* no more, nor do his readers *dream*!

On Foote's Death.

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas ! is hurl'd ;
 Death took him off, who took off all the world.

On Cardinal Wolsey.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand.

DR. JOHNSON.

A Good Retreat.

WHEN Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
 Some smooth soft flattery read, by Waller writ ;
 Waller, who erst to sing was not ashamed,
 That Heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had
 claim'd,
 Turn'd to the bard, and, with a smile, said he,
 " Your strains for Noll excel your strains for me."
 The bard his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
 Thus to the King return'd, and bow'd his head :
 " Poets, so Heaven and all the Nine decreed,
 In fiction better than in truth succeed."

On Hoadley, late Bishop of Bangor.

VIRTUE with so much ease on Bangor sits,
 All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

STEELE.

An Endless Task.

WHO seeks to please all men each way,
 And not himself offend ;
 He may begin his work to-day,
 But God knows when he'll end.

To a Young Nobleman.

THE tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your sole pursuit ;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Let them deserve the title too ;
Like them ignoble actions scorn :
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
They served the crown with loyal zeal ;
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause ;
By neither place nor pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your fires adorn their seat ;
And such alone are truly great.

GAY.

The Effects of Gambling.

THE wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgaged, sold !
Their owners, not to jails confined,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoils of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.
You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

GAY.

Procrastination.

WHEN sloth puts urgent business by,
 To-morrow's a new day, she'll cry;
 And all her morrows prove it true—
 They're never used, and therefore new.

*On Sir R. Walpole, Premier in the reigns of
 George I. and II.*

LET not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
 He saved his country by delays,
 But you by peace.
 You bought it at a cheaper rate;
 Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
 To show it cost its price in war;
 War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
 And for it does so dearly pay;
 For, though with loss, or victory, awhile
 Fortune the gamblers does beguile,
 Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

*Paulus: an Epigram by Mr. Lindsay, late Justice of
 the Common Pleas.*

A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
 In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
 While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
 Regales each sense and vernal joys inspire.
 Can he, who knows that real good should please,
 Barter for gold his liberty and ease?
 This Paulus preach'd: when, entering at the door,
 Upon his board the client pours the ore:
 He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
 Forgets the sun and dozes on the laws.

Shakspeare.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
 And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. JOHNSON.

A LOOSE he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL.

SWEET Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
 To see thee in our waters yet appear;
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James.

BEN JONSON.

Tom and his Friends ; or seven days' work.

TOM GOODFELLOW came to his *fortune* on Sunday,
 And *friends* came to see him in dozens on *Monday* !
 On *Tuesday* were with him to dinner and sup ;
 On *Wednesday* in *honour* of Tom kept it up !
 On *Thursday* his *friends* set the *dice-box* afloat !
 On *Friday*, by some means, Tom lost his last guinea,
 And *Saturday*—*Saturday*—saw an end of the ninny.

Equal Folly.

WHEN seventy, as 'tis sometimes seen,
 Joins hands in wedlock with seventeen,
 We all th' unequal match abuse ;
 But where's the odds we fret about ?
 Difference in age there is no doubt ;
 In folly—not a pin to choose.

On Envy. From the Greek.

PITY, says the Theban bard,
 From my wishes I discard ;
 Envy, let me rather be,
 Rather far, a theme for thee !
 Pity to distress is shown,
 Envy to the great alone.
 So the Theban : but to shine
 Less conspicuous be mine !
 I prefer the golden mean,
 Pomp and penury between ;
 For alarm and peril wait
 Ever on the loftiest state,
 And the lowest to the end
 Obloquy and scorn attend.

COWPER.

On the Earl of Chatham.

SHALL Chatham die, and be forgot ? Oh, no !
 Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow ;
 His matchless ardour fired each fear-struck mind,
 His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and pined.

GARRICK.

On Pedigree. From the Greek of Epicarmus.

My mother! if thou love me, name no more
My noble birth! Sounding at every breath
My noble birth, thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides; they boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name
Derived from no forefathers? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that, native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy deprived
Of all his kindred, one, who cannot trace
His origin, exist, why deem him sprung
From baser ancestry than theirs who can?
My mother! he whom Nature at his birth
Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

COWPER.

The Charitable Pastor.

He was a shepherd, and no mercenary:
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous.
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught,
A love benignant he discreetly taught;
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example was his business.

CHAUCER.

The World's Wealth.

THIS world's wealth, which men so much desire,
 May well be liken'd to a burning fire ;
 Whereof a little can do little harm,
 But profit much, our bodies well to warm.
 But take too much, and surely thou shalt burn ;
 So too much wealth to too much woe doth turn.

Nobility of Blood.

WORTH makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather and prunella.
 What can ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards,
 Nothing ; not all the blood of all the Howards ?

DRYDEN.

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd :
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest'd ;
 It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself :
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Power of Music.

THERE'S nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shun Intestine Discord.

THUS when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes can ruin know:
Oh! let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be but by ourselves undone.

SAVAGE.

On seeing a Fly burnt in a Candle.

SEE how around the gaudy flame
The giddy insect flies,
Till fluttering on with fatal aim,
It drops at last and dies.

Just so, in pleasure's sultry maze,
The victim courts his doom;
Awhile he wantons in the blaze,
Then sinks into the tomb.

Queen Anne.

No reign than Anne's in war more justly crown'd,
 No reign for learning justly more renown'd ;
 Elizabeth a Shakspeare own'd ;
 Charles could a Milton boast ;
 But Anne saw Newton high enthroned,
 Amid the heavenly host.

DIBDIN.

Death.

DEATH distant ! No, alas ! he's ever with us,
 And shakes the dart at us in all our actings :
 He lurks within our cup, while we're in health :
 Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines ;
 We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
 But death is by to seize us when he lists.

SCOTT.

The Mind known by its Deeds.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet said,
 " The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne :"
 For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd
 As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
 Of what degree and what race he is growne.

From SPENSER'S Faerie Queene.

On Waller and Dryden.

WALLER was smooth : but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

POPE.

On Garrick's Funeral.

THROUGH weeping London's crowded streets,
As Garrick's funeral pass'd,
Contending wits and poets strove
Which should desert him last.

Not so this world behaved to Him
Who came this world to save :
By solitary Joseph borne
Unheeded to the grave.

BISHOP HORNE.

The Oak. Imitated from the Italian of Metastasio.

THE tall oak towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main ;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

On Cowley.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own :
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate !
And, when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

DENHAM.

On Waller.

THY verse could show e'en Cromwell's innocence,
 And compliment the storms that bore him hence;
 Oh! had thy muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
 How had his triumph glitter'd in thy page!

ADDISON.

*On Broome, the Poet, who assisted Pope in his
 translation of Homer.*

POPE came off clean with Homer; but, they say,
 Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

HENLY.

Found written in a Lady's Bible.

ONE day at least in every week
 The sects of every kind,
 Their doctrines here are sure to seek,
 And just as sure to find.

*On Charles II.**

HIS conversation, wit, and parts,
 His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
 Were such, dead authors could not give,
 But habitudes of those that live,
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive;
 He drain'd from all, and all they knew,
 His apprehension quick, his judgment true:
 That the most learn'd with shame confess,
 His knowledge more, his reading only less.

DRYDEN.

* This praise may be transferred to Dryden himself.

*On Dean Swift's setting aside his fortune to build a
Mad-house.*

To madness Swift bequeaths his whole estate;
Why should we wonder? Swift is right in that:
For 'tis a rule, as all our lawyers know,
Men's fortune to the next of kin should go;
And 'tis as sure, unless old bards have lied,
Great wits to madness are most near allied.

On a Lady who squinted.

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

BALNEA, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra:
Quid faciunt vitam? balnea, vina, Venus.

Wine, women, warmth against our lives combine,
But what is life without warmth, women, wine?

From Notes and Queries.

Lord Wellington and the Ministers, 1813.

So gentle in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.
Oh, Wellington! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For, while they're in the council and you in the field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you*.

MOORE.

What is Honour?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight;
 'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

To One who was Young.

NATURE has done her part: do thou but thine;
 Learning and sense let decency refine.
 For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules;
 A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

*On erecting a Monument to Shakspeare, under the
direction of Mr. Pope and Lord Burlington.*

To mark her Shakspeare's worth, and Britain's love;
 Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
 Superfluous care! when distant times shall view
 This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

On Newton, Pope, and Beau Nash.

NEWTON, if I can judge aright,
 All wisdom does express;
 His knowledge gives mankind delight,
 Adds to their happiness.
 POPE is the emblem of true wit,
 The sunshine of the mind;
 Read o'er his works in search of it,
 You'll endless pleasure find.
 NASH represents man in the mass,
 Made up of wrong and right;
 Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass;
 Now blunt, and now polite.

CHESTERFIELD.

The Acorn.

THE lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
 And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
 As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
 Then, big with death and vengeance, ploughs the main;
 Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore;
 And from an acorn springs Britannia's power.

On a pretended Friend and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
 Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
 Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
 'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end;
 The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
 But double terror that which hides its head.

On Alfred the Great.

REPLETE with soul, the monarch stood alone,
 And built on freedom's basis England's throne;
 A legislator, parent, warrior, sage,
 He died, *the light of a benighted age.*

DIBDIN.

From "Le Ramelet Moundé." By Godelin, a poet who wrote in the dialect of Thoulouse, in the seventeenth century.

THE gay who would be counted wise,
 Think all delight in pastime lies;
 Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
 Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

On Goldsmith's Father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith.

AT church with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

From GOLDSMITH's Deserted Village.

Old England.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
 My country! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy fullen skies
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.

COWPER.

On Rosamond Clifford, Henry II.'s Mistress.

A MAID unmatched in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.

POPE.

A Comparison.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream,
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay,
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart;
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!
 But time that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

COWPER.

On a Lady observing it was dark, and that night had arrived.

THEN close thine eyes, sweet girl, I pray,
 If you would have it night;
 For while they shine it must be day,
 They give such radiant light.

On Chamber Christians.

No matter whether (some there be that say)
 Or go to *church* or stay at *home*, if pray;
Smith's dainty *sermons* have in plenty stored me:
 With better stuffe than *pulpits* can afford me;
 Tell me, why pray'st thou? Heav'n commanded so.
 Art not commanded to his temples too?
 Small store of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*
 And feast at *court*; to say, *I've meat at home*.

On Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

INGENIOUS dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
 Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
 Witty and well-employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word;
 Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road,
 And guides the progress of the soul to God.

COWPER.

On the same.

BUNYAN's famed Pilgrim rests that shelf upon,
 A genius rare but rude was honest John;
 Not one who, early by the muse beguiled,
 Drank from her well the waters undefiled;
 Not one who slowly gain'd the hill sublime,
 Then often sipp'd, and little at a time;
 But one who dabbled in the sacred springs,
 And drank them muddy, mix'd with baser things.

CRABBE.

On Sir Christopher Wren.

I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,
 As an architect, one of the greatest of men;
 And, talking of epitaphs—much I admire his,
 “*Circumspice, si monumentum requiris;*”
 Which an erudite verger translated to me,
 “If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see!*”
 From “*Ingoldsby Legends.*”

*On the two Lockes; in imitation of Dryden's Epigram
on Milton.*

Two *Lockes* in *England* have distinction claim'd;
For *thinking* one, and one for *eating* famed;
That shone with lustre by the force of reason,
This figured chiefly in a ven'son season;
Knowledge and *taste* were by them both increased,
T' enrich a *mental*, or *corporeal* feast.
Both a *fine taste* endeavour'd to impart,
This had the body, *that* the mind at heart.

*Lines addressed to Mr. Accum, who exposed the
adulteration of bread.*

How shocking 'tis our fate to dread,
By dealing with our baker!
And, while we eat our daily bread,
Befriend the undertaker!

Death oft, by pistol, sword, or knife,
Inflicts a mortal wound;
But who would think the staff of life
Would fell us to the ground!

No Royal Road to Learning.

LEARNING is labour, call it what you will;
Upon the youthful mind a heavy load,
Nor must we hope to find the royal road.
Some will their easy steps to science show,
And some to heaven itself their by-way know:
Ah! trust them not—who fame and bliss would share,
Must learn by labour, and must live by care.

On Homer. From the Greek of Antipater of Sidon.

FROM Colophon some deem thee sprung;
 From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
These noble Salamis have sung,
 While *those* proclaim thee born in Ios;
 And others cry up Theffaly,
 The mother of the Lapithæ.
 Thus each to Homer has assign'd
 The birthplace just which suits his mind;
 But if I read the volume right,
 By Phœbus to his followers given,
 I'd say, They're all mistaken quite,
 And that his real country's Heaven;
 While for his mother she can be
 No other than Calliope.

MERIVALE.

Body and Soul. From the Latin of Owen.

THE sacred writers to express the whole,
 Name but a part, and call the man a soul.
 We frame our speech upon a different plan,
 And say, "Somebody," when we mean a man.
Nobody heeds what *everybody* says,
 And yet how sad the secret it betrays.

The World's Opinion.

WHAT is this world? A term which men have got
 To signify, not one in ten knows what;
 A term, which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of men than herds of asses;
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

*The Farmer's Centenary contrasted. Illustrative of
the causes of agricultural distress.*

1722.

MAN, to the plough ;
Wife, to the cow ;
Girl, to the sow ;
Boy, to the mow ;
And your rents will be
netted.

From HONE's Works.

1822.

MAN, tally-ho !
Miss, piano ;
Wife, silk and satin ;
Boy, Greek and Latin ;
And you'll all be *Gazetted*.

From The Times.

Prosperity and Adversity.

WHEN fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis, " Pray, Sir, how d'ye do,
Your family are well, I hope,
Can I serve them or you?"

But if, perchance, her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'Tis then, " I'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard—good night."

The Just Man ; from the Greek of Philemon.

A JUST man is not one who does no ill,
But he, who with the power, has not the will.

On a Mirror.

A MIRROR has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind ;
For look upon it when you will,
You find it is reflecting still.

Right and Wrong.

Do right ; though pain and anguish be thy lot,
 Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot ;
 Do wrong for pleasure's sake,—then count thy gains,—
 The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains !

SHUTTLEWORTH, *late Bishop of Chichester.*

On the same.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Ten Commandments epitomized.

WORSHIP to God, but not God graven, pay ;
 Blaspheme not ; sanctify the sabbath-day ;
 Be honour'd parents ; brother's blood unshed ;
 And unpolluted hold the marriage-bed ;
 From theft thy hand, thy tongue from lying, keep ;
 Nor covet neighbour's home, spouse, serf, ox, sheep.

A. R. ROWAN.

By Horace Walpole, on becoming Earl of Orford.

AN estate and an earldom at seventy-four ;
 Had I fought them, or wish'd them, 'twould add one
 fear more,
 That of making a countess, when almost fourscore :
 But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
 Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason ;
 And, whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try,
 In the plain simple style I have lived in, to die,
 For ambition too humble, for meanness too high.

Parodied from the Greek of Meleager.

DEAR Jenny Lind ! I'd rather hear you sing,
Than Paganini fiddle "on one string."

On Shakspeare.

GENIUS is of no country ; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day ;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope),
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise ;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
Make England great in letters as in arms ?
There may,—there hath,—and Shakspeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.

CHURCHILL.

On Preaching.

THE specious sermons of a learned man,
Are little else than *flashes in the pan* :
The mere haranguing upon what they call
Morality, is *powder without ball* :
But he that preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and *the shot takes place*.

On Time ; from the Greek of Plato.

TIME bears the world away ; a little date
Will change name, beauty, nature,—ay, and fate.

On Ben Jonson.

IN ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd ;
 Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spared a glorious fault.
 The book of man he read with nicest art,
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart ;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And traced each passion to its proper source ;
 Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to public view :
 The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
 And fools hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.

CHURCHILL.

The Maid of Saragossa.

THE Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war !
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scatt'ring bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks, with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake
 to tread.

LORD BYRON.

On Swearing.

WEAK is the excuse that is on custom built ;
 The use of sinning lessens not the guilt.

On Shadwell and Wycherley, the Dramatic Poets.

OF all our modern wits, none seems to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
 But hasty Shadwell and flow Wycherley.
 Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
 Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of art.

ROCHESTER.

On Dryden.

HERE let me bend, great Dryden ! at thy shrine,
 Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine !
 What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
 And with his theme the poet seems to sleep ?
 Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
 With equal strength the poet rises too :
 With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
 Thought still springs up and rises out of thought ;
 Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
 In varied sweetness flow, in varied force ;
 The powers of genius and of judgment join,
 And the whole art of poetry is thine.

CHURCHILL.

Future Glory.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were question'd what they
 thought

Of future glory, which religion taught :
 Now Faith believed it to be firmly true,
 And Hope expected so to find it too.
 Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,
 " Believe, expect, I know it to be so."

JOHN WESLEY.

On Hogarth the Painter.

IN walks of humour, in that cast of style,
 Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
 In comedy, his natural road to fame,
 Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
 Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
 Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
 So as to form one true and perfect whole;
 Where a plain story to the eye is told,
 Which we conceive the moment we behold,—
 Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
 Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

CHURCHILL.

On the Wedding-ring.

THIS precious emblem well doth represent
 That evenness that crowns us with content,
 Which, when it wanting is, the sacred yoke
 Becomes uneasy, and with ease is broke.

Character.

SEE thou thy credit keep; 'tis quickly gone;
 'Tis gain'd by many actions, but 'tis lost by one.

The Poser posed.

A PEDANT, to perplex a child,
 Ask'd, "Where is God?" The pupil smiled—
 Embarrass'd not a jot;
 For God's ubiquity he knew—
 So straight replied, "I'll tell when you
 Tell me where he is not."

On Old Age.

OLD Age, a second child, by Nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first ;
Weak, sickly, full of pains, in every breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death :
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare ;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself ;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting, on his shatter'd brain,
Though the false registers of youth remain ;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men, who lived in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young ;
Dull repetitions faltering on his tongue ;
Praising grey hairs, sure mark of wisdom's sway,
E'en whilst he curses time which made him grey ;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restored.

CHURCHILL.

On Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

THOSE envious flakes which came in haste,
To prove her breast so fair,
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolved into a tear.

OUR bodies are like shoes, which off we cast ;
Phyfic their cobbler is, and death the last.

“ Perveniri ad summum nisi ex principiis non potest.”
(From the Latin of V. Bourne.)

NEWTON, the light of each succeeding age,
 First learn'd his letters from a female sage,
 But thus far taught—the alphabet once learn'd—
 To loftier use those elements he turn'd.
 Forced the unconscious signs, by process rare,
 Known quantities with unknown to compare ;
 And, by their aid, profound deductions drew
 From depths of truth his teacher never knew.
 Yet the true authorefs of all was she !
 Newton's Principia were his *a, b, c.*

To a Lady who boasted of her Roses and Tulips.

THE roses are quite emblematic of thee
 Replete with each beauty divine ;
 But as for thy tulips we all must agree,
 No *two lips* are sweeter than thine.

On buying a Bible.

'Tis but a folly to rejoice or boast
 How small a price thy well-bought purchase cost,
 Until thy death thou shalt not fully know
 Whether it was a pennyworth or no.
 And at that time, believe me, 'twill appear
 Extremely cheap or else extremely dear.

On Friendship.

I LOVE a friend that's frank and just,
 To whom a tale I can entrust ;
 But when a man's to slander given,
 From such a friend, protect me, Heaven !

An old Worldling's Lament.

Too old to leap a gate ;
 Too old to flirt with Kate ;
 Too old to care a fig for frowns or smiles of fate :
 Too old to eat with pleasure ;
 Too old to tread a measure ;
 Too old to gaze on gold, and count the useleſs treasure :
 To laugh, to ſing, to talk, forbids my failing breath,
 Too old, too old, for anything but death.

*To a Female Cupbearer.**

COME, Leila, fill the goblet up,
 Reach round the roſy wine ;
 Think not that we will take the cup
 From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to ſeek,
 No grape can ſuch ſupply ;
 It ſteals its tints from Leila's cheek,
 Its brightneſs from her eye.

To Mary —, after ſeeing the celebrated Statue
“ Venus orta mari.”

WHEN I aſcribed, as bound in duty,
 The character of perfect beauty
 To “ Venus orta mari,”
 I meant that I muſt hesitate
 Perfection to appropriate—
 To Venus, or—to Mary.

* From “*Anthologia Oxoniensis*,” and tranſlated into Latin elegiacs by Mr. Booth, of Magdalen College. From “*Notes and Queries*.”

From the German.

IF one has served thee, tell the deed to many ;
 Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

*To a young Lady, who requested the Author to restore
 a Lock of Hair he had taken from her.*

By one only recompense can I be led
 With this beautiful ringlet to part ;
 That should I restore you the *lock* of your head,
 You will give me the *key* of your heart.

The Argument ; imitated from Anacreon.

Ah ! fly me not, then, lovely fair,
 But let my passion be return'd,
 Though cruel time my *golden* hair
 Has all to *silver* ringlets turn'd.
 In thee the flowers of beauty breathe,
 Yet ne'er despise these locks of mine ;
 For think in chaplet or in wreath
 How sweet the rose and lily twine.

The Contrast.

MARCUS is proud,—you ask me why ?
 I really do not know :
 His looks and words are very *high* ;
 His ways are very *low*.

By such extremes if mortals think
 In dignity to rise,
 To mute regret let wisdom sink ;—
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Tit for Tat.

OLD Time kills us all,
Rich, poor, great, and small,
And 'tis therefore we rack our invention,
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways
To kill him, by way of prevention.

The dying Lawyer.

OLD Quillet, his race upon earth almost run,
Thus sagely advised his too diffident son ;
“ Like a true limb of law, would you live at your ease,
Ne'er boggle on any side, lad, to take fees ;
Keep clear of a noose, though you merit to swing,
And be sure to sell justice for what it will bring ! ”
“ *Sell* justice ? ” retorted his wondering heir,
“ A thing of such value—so precious, so rare ;
The cement of society, honour's best hand,
Sell justice ? ” “ Aye, *sell* it, and that out of band :
You extravagant rascal ! If 'tis, as you say,
A thing of such price, would you give it away ? ”

On William Oldys, by himself.

IN word and *Will I am* a friend to you ;
And one friend *Old is* worth a hundred new.

On Dean Swift's Writings.

ATHENS call'd Sophocles her bee, to show
His strains did with a honied sweetness flow ;
Name Swift the bee, and let the title tell,
His strains in honey as in stings excel.

Way of the World.

DETERMINED beforehand, we gravely pretend
 To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend ;
 Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
 We pity his want both of judgment and sense ;
 But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
 Why really we think him a sensible man.

Fame.

SEEK you glory ?—What is fame ?
 'Tis a false, though specious name,
 A gay, but illusory bubble ;
 Envy's parent, child of trouble.

*On the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton (afterwards
 Duchess of Argyll) viewing the Transit of Venus, in
 1769, at Glasgow University.*

THEY tell me Venus is in the Sun,
 But I say that's a story ;
 Venus is not in the Sun,
 She's in the observatory.

The Atheist corrected.

INDEED, Mr. —, it seems very odd,
 Whilst your eyes view His works, to deny there's a God :
 And assert that our actions He'll neither regard,
 Nor punish our vice, nor our virtues reward.
 What, no vengeance to come ? Well, if this prove but
 true,
 How happy 'twill be for the *devil* and *you* !

Vive tibi ; consanguineo suo.

Look to thyself, and learn to live at home :
Have fellowship, henceforth, with few or none ;
See, see, to what a pass the world is come,
Friendship abides not, be thy fortunes gone.

Be thou like winter, that like summer wast,
The swallows fly that flock'd before so fast.

Friends swim like fishes, as the stream doth run,
And like fly serpents lurk in fairest green ;
They only reverence the rising sun,
Scarce looking towards him when he doth decline.
'Tis wealth preserves good-will, that from thee taken,
Thou that wast follow'd shalt be soon forsaken.

Nay, mark ! e'en now, the very bird of love
Betakes herself unto the fairest building ;
And her own home abandoneth the dove,
If once she sees it ruinous and yielding :
No marvel, though faith fail in the trial,
When love's true turtle is turn'd thus disloyal.

This vile, heart-knawing, vulture age then fly :
Feed not the hounds whose teeth may after tear thee ;
Let not the serpent in thy bosom lie,
Lest stinging, thou repent he lay so near thee.
Be thine own neighbour, and be this thy doom,
To look unto thyself ; to live at home.

THOMAS FREEMAN.

*On the late Duchess of Devonshire canvassing for
C. J. Fox, at the Westminster Election.*

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part ;
But, oh ! where'er the pilferer comes, beware ;
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

Pope imitated.

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye !
Born in this moment, in the next we die ;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
WEST.

To a Lady, with a Present of Fruit.

THOUGH the *plum*, and the *peach*, with *Apollo* conspire,
To present you their *softness*, and *sweetness*, and *fire*,
Their aid is in vain ; for what can they do
But blush, and confess themselves vanquish'd in you ?
Where *virtue* and *wit* with such qualities blend,
What *mortal*, what *goddeſs*, would dare to contend ?

On great Afflictions.

ONE comfort from the *greatest* ills we gain,
The *less* can never give our breast a pain,
Distract our thought, or discompose our heart,
Or suffer fate to throw a second dart.
Just so, the martial trumpet's weaker sound,
The louder noise of bursting thunders drown'd,
Nor does the stars' expiring light appear,
When the day opens and the sun is near.

Jealousy.

How much are they deceived who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
Love's like a torch, which, if secured from blasts,
Will faintlier burn ; but then it longer lasts.
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The flame grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

On Garrick and Barry, in the character of King Lear.

THE town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears ;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king? “ Ay, every inch a king!”
Such Barry doth appear ;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

The Alarms of Conscience.

WHEN thunder rumbles in the skies,
Down to the cellar Vallius flies ;
There, to be sure, he's safe : why so ?
He thinks there is no God below.

On a new-born Babe. From the Persian.

ON parent knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled :
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

Written on a Window.

WHERE'ER the diamond's busy point could pass,
 See what deep wounds have pierced the middle glass !
 While, partially, untouching all the rest,
 Highest and lowest panes shine unimprest ;
 No wonder this ! for even in life 'tis so ;
 High fortunes stand unreach'd, unseen the low,
 But middle states are marks for every blow.

From the Spanish.

THE days of our happiness gliding away,
 A year seems a moment, and ages a day ;
 But, Fortune converting our smiles into tears,
 What an age a diminutive moment appears !
 Oh, Fortune ! possess'd of so fickle a name,—
 Why only in this art thou ever the same ?
 Oh, change ! and bid moments of pleasure move slow,
 And give eagle-plumes to the pinions of woe.

The Poet's Offering. From the Greek.

THERE hang, my lyre ! This aged hand no more
 Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
 Farewell, ye chords ! ye verse-inspiring powers,
 Accept the solace of my native hours !
 Begone to youths, ye instruments of song !
 For crutches only to the old belong.

The Wish.

THE various ills below content I'll bear,
 Grant me, indulgent Heaven ! this sole request ;
 Nor life to overprize, nor death to fear,
 Let Fortune shuffle as she please the rest.

Human Greatness.

WE gaze on a billow with wonder and awe,
Swelling high as it threatens the shore;
Till, broken and lost, we forget what we saw,
And think of that billow no more.

So the pomp of the great, so the fame of the brave,
So the treasures of glory and pride,
Though they mount on the flood, like the high-swelling
wave,
Like that, too, must ebb with the tide.

Youth.

THE pliant soul of erring youth
Is like soft wax, or moisten'd clay,
Apt to receive all heavenly truth,
Or yield to tyrant ill the sway.

Shun evil in your early years,
And manhood may to virtue rise;
But he who in his youth appears
A fool, in age will ne'er be wise.

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, celestial powers!
That you have form'd me fair;
And yet in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care;
Then in return I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,—
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

From the Italian of Pananti.

Is beauty to thine outward form denied?
 Let virtue's graceful veil its absence hide;
 As Cæsar wreathed the laurel round his brow,
 And hid the baldness of his head below.

From Martial.

WHAT makes the happiest life we know,
 A few plain rules, my friend, will show:
 A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
 But left by will, or given by fate;
 A land of no ungrateful soil;
 A constant fire within your grate;
 No law; few cares; a quiet mind;
 Strength unimpair'd; a healthful frame;
 Wisdom with innocence combined;
 Friends equal both in years and fame;
 Your living easy; and your board
 With food, but not with luxury, stored;
 A bed, though chaste, not solitary;
 A sleep, to shorten night's dull reign;
 With nothing that you have to vary;
 Think all enjoyments that remain;
 And, for the inevitable hour,
 Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power.

Prayer of a Heathen.

GREAT Jove! this one petition grant:
 (Thou knowest best what mortals want!)
 Ask'd, or unask'd, what's good supply;
 What's evil—to my prayer deny!

Charity.

It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was raised
To work his direst woe.

Just so the scented sandal-tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low
A sweet and rich perfume.

Rome.

Go, then, to Rome! and hope in Rome to find
The Rome thy classics pictured to thy mind!
Ask, disappointed, where the wonder lies,
And hail the imperial ruin with thy sighs.
Those walls, those massive fragments, dark with rust,
Those coliséums crumbling into dust,
Those are thy Rome! See frowning from the ground
Her very ashes breathe a menace round!
Imperial mistress of a conquer'd world,
Her last destruction at herself she hurl'd;
Now the sole index of the Roman name
Is Tiber, still in motion, still the same.
Learn hence the paradox of Fortune's reign,
The fix'd are gone; the unsteady still remain.

Acrostical Epigram to a lady named Carr.

CARE flies the brain when you are near,
And raptures fill the heart;
Raptures decay, and sullen care
Returns, when you depart.

On a Bee stifted in Honey.

FROM flower to flower, with eager pains,
See the blest, busy labourer fly ;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets ; each favourite joy
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

Time.

How swift the pinions Time puts on
To urge his flight away !
To-day's soon yesterday ; anon
To-morrow is to-day !

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view ;
As, sadly, through this vale of tears
Our journey we pursue !

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest ;
The drooping wretch that soonest dies,
Is soonest with the blest !

On a beautiful Young Lady. From the Greek.

CYPRUS must now two Venuses adore ;
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four ;
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

On Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one English soldier will beat ten of France.
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
The odds are still greater, still greater our men!
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may
toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and
Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with
ours!
First Milton and Shakespeare, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
In satires, epistles, and odes, would they cope?
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.
And Johnson, well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French,* and will beat forty more!

The Maid of Orleans. From the French of Malherbe.

FAIR Amazon! the cruel foe
Who to the flames consign'd
Thy form, his scorn of laws display'd,
And base perfidious mind!
But just was Fate, by such a death
Who rais'd thee to the sky;
For she who like Alcides lived,
Should like Alcides die.

* The number constituting the French Academy, who were thirty years in compiling their Dictionary.

From the Greek.

ABUNDANCE is a blessing to the wise :
 The use of riches in discretion lies :
 Learn this, ye men of wealth ! A heavy purse
 In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

*Written on Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the
 Earl of Chesterfield's diamond pencil.*

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit,
 See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Against Life.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
 Can mortals choose through human life ?
 Attend the *courts*, attend the bar,
 There discord reigns, and endless jar.
At home, the weary wretches find
 Severe disquietude of mind.
To till the fields gives toil and pain ;
 Eternal terrors sweep the *main*.
 If *rich*, we fear to lose our store,
 Need and distress await the *poor*.
 Sad cares the bands of *Hymen* give ;
 Friendless, forlorn, th' *unmarried* live.
 Are *children born* ? we anxious groan ;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan.
 Wild, giddy schemes our *youth* engage ;
 Weakness and want depress *old age*.
 Would fate, then, with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life.

MANKIND may walk, unvex'd by strife,
 Through every road of human life.
 Fair wisdom regulates the *bar*,
 And peace concludes the wordy *war*.
 At *home*, auspicious mortals find
 Serene tranquillity of mind.
 All beauteous nature decks the *plain*;
 And merchants plough for gold the *main*.
 Respect arises from our *store*;
 Security from being *poor*.
 More joys the bands of *Hymen* give;
 Th' *unmarried* with more freedom live.
 If *parents*, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
 Firm vigour crowns our *youthful* stage;
 And venerable hairs *old age*.
 Since all is good, then, who would cry,
 "I'd never live, or quickly die?"

On Miss M. Tree, the Singer.

ON this Tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
 The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

LUTTRELL.

Good for Evil.

" 'Tis noble, sure, in you to praise the man
 Who evil speaks of you the whole day long."
 " Well, we should always praise where'er we can,
 But here, perhaps, we both are in the wrong."

On Life.

THE world is but an opera show :
We come, look round, and then we go.

Epitome of Man's Life.

CHILDHOOD in toys delights ;
And youth in sports as vain ;
Mid age has many cares and frights ;
Old age is full of pain.

From the Greek.

EXTREMES of fortune are true wisdom's test :
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

Merit and Reward.

How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

Reply to the above.

For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain !
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
Place ? titles ? salary ? a gilded chain ?
Or throne of corpses which his sword had slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends* !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? Three treasures, *love*, and *light*,
And *calm thoughts*, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his *Maker*, and the *Angel Death*.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
 Of the Great Author; printed in man's heart;
 'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
 And all the *errata* will appear at th' end.

*On Anne, Countess of Sunderland, second daughter of
 the great Duke of Marlborough, who was very
 beautiful.*

ALL Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
 Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
 Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
 Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

EARL OF HALIFAX.

*Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," was
 once walking in his garden with the lady whom he
 was wooing and a friend of hers, when a servant
 came to tell him he was wanted. He was so interested
 in the conversation in which he was engaged, that he
 paid no attention to the summons, though urged by the
 ladies to go. The servant came again and repeated
 it; and the ladies then playfully took him by the arms
 and pushed him out of the garden. He is said to have
 turned round and addressed them, especially his lady-
 love, in these words:—*

THUS Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
 And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n:—
 Hard was his fate—but mine still more unkind,
 His Eve went with him;—but mine stays behind.

On Horace, the Latin Poet.

HORACE still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense ;
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
 Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
 Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

POPE.

On Aristotle.

THE mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

POPE.

On Longinus, author of the " Sublime and Beautiful."

THEE, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just :
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

POPE.

To-morrow.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry ;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
Beyond the Indies does this 'morrow live ?

'Tis so far-fetch'd, this 'morrow that I fear,
'Twill be both old and very dear.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
To-day's too late—the wife lived yesterday.

A Finale.

THOSE epigrams, my friends, commend,
That with a turn, least thought of, end ;
Then, sure, a tip-top one they'll call,
This which concludes with none at all.





PART III.

MONUMENTAL EPIGRAMS.



“ LIFE’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ HE lies like an Epitaph.”

Old English Proverb.



PART III.

MONUMENTAL EPIGRAMS.

On a Fowler. From the Greek of Isidorus.

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert
air,
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty
fare ;
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

*Epitaph, in Hales Owen Churchyard, on Miss
Anne Powell.*

HERE, here she lies, a budding rose
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are grieved,
This consolation's given,
She's from the storms of life relieved
To shine more bright in heaven.

SHENSTONE.

From the Greek.

AT threescore winters' end I died,
 A cheerless being, sole and sad ;
 The nuptial knot I never tied,
 And with my father never had.

COWPER.

On Dryden, the Poet. By Bishop Atterbury.

THIS Sheffield raised, to Dryden's ashes just,—
Here fix'd his name, and *there* his laurell'd bust ;
 What else the muse in marble might express
 Is known already : praise would make him less.

On Ben Jonson.

HERE lies Jonson, with the rest
 Of the poets, but the best.
 Reader, wouldst thou more have known,
 Ask his story—not the stone ;
 That will speak, what this can't tell,
 Of his glory : so, farewell.

On Johnson. 1785.

HERE Johnson lies, a sage by all allow'd,
 Whom to have bred, may well make England proud ;
 Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
 The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought ;
 Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine, and strong,
 Superior praise to the mere poet's song ;
 Who many a noble gift from heaven possess'd,
 And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
 O man, immortal by a double prize,
 By fame on earth, by glory in the skies.

COWPER.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse :
 Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,—
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and learned, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

On a Lawyer.

SEE how God works his wonders now and then,—
 Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.

On Sir Francis Drake, drowned at sea.

WHERE Drake first found, there last he lost his fame,
 And for his tomb left nothing but a name.
 His body's buried under some great wave ;
 The sea, that was his glory, is his grave :
 Of him no man true epitaph can make,
 For who can say, "*Here lies Sir Francis Drake ?*"

On Pope.

YE Muses, weep ! ye sons of Phœbus, mourn,
 And decorate with tears this sacred urn !
 Pope died : Fame bade the Muses sound his praise ;
 They said, 'twas done in his immortal lays.

ROLT.

Gay's Epitaph ; by himself.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it ;
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

Pope's own Epitaph.

HEROES and kings, your distance keep ;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you :
 Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

*On Admiral Blake.**

HERE lies a man, made Spain and Holland shake,
 Made France to tremble, and the Turks to quake ;
 Thus he tamed men ; but if a lady stood
 In fight, it rais'd a palsy in his blood ;
 Cupid's antagonist, who on his life
 Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
 A stiff, hard, iron soldier ; for he,
 It seems, had more of Mars than Mercury ;
 At sea he thunder'd, calm'd each raging wave,
 And now he's dead, sent thundering to the grave.

On a talkative Old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
 A noisy, antiquated maid ;
 Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.

On a Miser.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf ;
 Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

* Blake rendered himself famous by many actions abroad ; for he humbled the pride of France, reduced the Portuguese to submission, broke the strength of the Dutch, subdued the pirates in the Mediterranean, and twice triumphed over the Spaniards.

On a Card Maker.

HIS card is cut ; long days he shuffled through
 The game of life : he dealt as others do.
 Though he by honours tells not its amount,
 When the last trump is play'd, his tricks will count.

On Archbishop Potter.

ALACK, and well-a-day,
 Potter himself is turn'd to clay !

Let well alone.

“ I was well, would be better, took physic, and died.”

From the Greek.

HERE Lyfimachus lies, who, when twenty years old,
 Bade adieu to the light, and was laid in the mould :
 If you ask what disease overtook him so soon,
 Ere the morning of life had approach'd to its noon,
 Why, he died of desiring, when well, to be better,
 And of following the faculty's rules to the letter.

After Life's fitful Fever. From the Greek.

BLESS not my tomb, vile worldling ; if I rest
 Afar from your intrusion, I am blest.

On an Infant.

JUST to her lips the cup of life she press'd,
 Found the taste bitter, and refused the rest ;
 She felt averse to life's returning day,
 And softly sigh'd her little soul away.

On a Parish Clerk.

HERE lies within this tomb, so calm,
 Old Giles—pray sound his knell :
 Who thought no song was like a psalm,
 No music like a bell.

On the Tomb of a Mother and Daughter, who killed themselves to avoid captivity. From the Greek.

HERE sleeps a daughter by her mother's side ;
 Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied.
 When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
 Preferring death, we left a land enslaved.
 Pierced by a mother's steel in youth I bled,
 She nobly join'd me in my gory bed ;
 In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
 Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

On C. J. Fox. By Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to "Marmion."

FOR talents mourn untimely lost,
 When best employ'd and wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below.

Garrick's Epitaph on Goldsmith.

HERE lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
 Who wrote like an Angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

On a Clergyman named Chest.

HERE lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another ;
The chest of wood was very good—
Who says so of the other ?

On a Wood Cutter.

THE Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood
And down fell from the tree ;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

On S. Rumbold.

HE lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong ;
An hundred to five,
You live not so long.

On one Eldred.

HERE lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead :
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August, sixty-five.

On the Cheltenham and Epsom Waters.

HERE lie I and my three daughters,
All from drinking the Cheltenham waters ;
While if we had kept to the Epsom salts,
We should not now be in these here vaults.

On a great Eater.

WHOE'ER you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

On John Round.

UNDER this sod lies John Round,
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.

*On an Architect named Trollop, who built the Exchange
and Town Court of Newcastle.*

HERE lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

On Sir John Guise.

HERE lies
Sir John Guise:
No one laughs,
No one cries;
Where he is gone,
And how he fares,
No one knows,
And no one cares.

*On Quick, the Actor, famous in his day for travestie
of the parts of Plays he performed.*

THE great debt of Nature he paid, as all must,
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

On Prior, the Poet; by himself.

GENTLEMAN, here by your leave,
 Lie the bones of Matthew Prior:
 A son of Adam and Eve,
 Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

On a Bookseller's Hack.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookfeller's hack:
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

GOLDSMITH.

On a Carrier, who died of Drunkenness.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell:
 A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more, so was *carried* at last;
 For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
 He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carriion*.

BYRON.

On W. Pitt.

WITH death doom'd to grapple,
 Beneath this cold slab, he
 Who *lied* in the chapel,
 Now *lies* in the abbey.

BYRON.

On an Englishman.

HERE Jack Roast Beef, esquire, doth lie,
 Who hang'd himself he knew not why.

On two Bilston Lawyers, Wilson and Jeffson.

HERE lies what's left of lawyer Wilson,
 Who, some folks say, died mad at Bilston !
 But others say, 'was not so bad,
 Who ever knew a fool go mad ?

On Jeffson.

HERE lies what's left of lawyer Jeffson,
 Who taught mankind this useful lesson,
 That when they'd spent their last in law,
 He'd cease to wag his nether jaw.

On one Joe Pope.

I, Joe Pope,
 Lived without hope,
 And died by a rope.

On John Shaw.

HERE lies John Shaw,
 Attorney-at-law ;
 And when he died,
 The devil cried,
 " Give us your paw,
 John Shaw,
 Attorney-at-law."

MOORE'S *Memoirs*.

On a Cooper.

HERE lies the body of Ephraim Snubbs,
 Who got his living by mending tubs :
 He caught his death while it was raining,
 And met his fate without complaining.

On Hogarth, the Painter.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
 That drew th' essential forms of grace ;
 Here, closed in death, th' attentive eyes
 That saw the manners in the face.

DR. JOHNSON.

On Gay, the Poet.

WELL then ! poor Gay lies underground,
 So there's an end of honest Jack :
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

POPE.

On a hen-pecked Country Squire.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman ruled,
 The devil ruled the woman.

BURNS.

On William Pepper ; at St. John's, Stamford,
ob. 1783.

THOUGH *hot* my name, yet mild by nature,
 I bore good-will to every creature ;
 I brew'd good ale, and sold it too,
 And unto each I gave his due.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night ;
 God said, Let Newton be, and all was light.

POPE.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
 That death has murder'd Johnny :
 An' here his body lies fu' low,
 For soul he ne'er had ony.

BURNS.

*On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Architect, who
 designed Blenheim.*

LIE heavy on him, earth ; for he
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.

A MAN, having left six guineas for the poet who should make his epitaph, his three executors thought they might manage to do it themselves, and save the money ; which they did as follows, and each took up two guineas :—

- 1st. Here lies John Brown, Provost of Dundee :
- 2nd. Here lies John, here lies he :
- 3rd. Hallelujah, hallelujee.

On Elizabeth Ireland.

HERE I lie at the chancel door,
 Here I lie because I'm poor :
 The farther in, the more you pay :
 Here lie I as warm as they.

Tickell's Lines on the Burial of Addison.

NE'ER to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest.

HERE lies my wife ; here let her lie !
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

DRYDEN.

I LAID my wife beneath this stone
For her repose and for my own.

On Sarah Sexton.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a wife that never vexed one ;
You can't say that for her at the next stone.

On a Shrew.

HERE *lies* my dear wife, a vixen and shrew :
If I said I lamented her, I should *lie* too.

Another.

Two bones of my body have taken a trip,
I buried my wife and got rid of my hyp.

Another.

HERE lies my poor wife, much lamented,
She's happy and I'm contented.

From the Greek of Leonidas.

THE name of Crethon and his state to show,
This stone is placed ; he lies in dust below ;
Who erst like Gyges did in wealth abound ;
Who erst beheld his herds and flocks around ;
Who erst—why longer idly talk ? this man,
Envied by all, now holds of earth a span.

When a man named Thomas Thorpe died, his friends were about to engrave on his tombstone the following inscription:—

“THIS corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe’s;”

but considering this too long, on reflection, it was finally reduced thus:—

“Thorpe’s
Corpse.”

On Molière.

Roscius hic fitus est tristi Molierus in urna,
Cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat.
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere, sæva negat.*

WITHIN this melancholy tomb confined,
Here lies the matchless ape of human kind;
Who, while he labour’d with ambitious strife
To mimic death as he had mimick’d life,
So well, or rather ill, perform’d his part,
That Death, delighted with his wond’rous art,
Snatch’d up the copy, to the grief of France,
And made it an original at once.

In a Churchyard near Salisbury, on Richard Button.

OH! sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into *Button*-holes?

* Molière was born in 1620, and died 1673. He wrote several exquisite plays, and, whilst performing the part of a dead man in one of them, was taken ill, and died a few hours afterwards.

*Written on the Death of Frederic, eldest Son of
George II.*

HERE lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead :
Had it been his father,
I had much rather :
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another :
Had it been his sister,
No one would have mis'd her ;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation :
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

On an Idiot Boy.

IF *innocency* may claim a place in heaven,
And *little* be required for *little* given,
My great Creator has for me in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more ?

On Sophocles. From the Greek of Simmias the Theban.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs to intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul, exalted by the god of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

*On a Wicked Man, killed by a fall from his horse,
during which he is supposed to say,—*

BETWEEN the stirrup and the ground
I mercy fought, I mercy found.

CAMDEN's *Remains*.

On John Sullen.

Here lies John *Sullen*, and it is God's will,
He that was *Sullen*, should be *Sullen* still :
He still is *Sullen*, if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, *Sullen* will not speak.

From the French.

CARELESS and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of nature was my rule,
By which I duly learnt to measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie, you see,
For death must have indulged a whim,
At any time t' have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

On Elizabeth Wife.

HERE lies
Elizabeth Wife.
She died of thunder sent from heaven
In seventeen hundred seventy-seven.

On Strange, a Lawyer.

HERE lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange.

On Bun, or Wood.

HERE lies John Bun,
 Kill'd by a gun.
 His real name was Wood,
 But that wouldn't rhyme,
 So I thought Bun should.

*On the Statue, in Clement's Inn, of a Negro supporting
a Sun-dial.*

IN vain, poor fable son of woe,
 Thou seek'st the tender tear;
 For thee, alas! it still must flow,
 For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fled'st in vain,
 Lawyers less quarter give;
 The first won't eat you till you're slain,
 The last will do 't alive.

From the Spanish.

"BETTER to roam the fields for health unbought,
 Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught."
 This maxim long I happily pursued,
 And fell disease my health then ne'er subdued;
 But to be more than well at length I tried,
 The doctor came at last, and then I died.

The Lawyer's Promotion.

HERE lies Lawyer Lag, in a woeful condition,
 Who once was a law-man, now turn'd politician;
 Alive, he a Templer was, keeping his terms,
 And dead, he makes one in the *diet of worms*.

On Partridge, the Almanack-maker.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
 A cobbler, star-monger, and quack ;
 Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep, all you customers that use
 His pills, his almanacks, or shoes ;
 And you that did your fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a week :
 'This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In phyfic, stolen goods, or love,
 As he himself could, when above.

DEAN SWIFT.

On a Smuggler.

HERE I lies
 Kill'd by the XIS.

On Infants.

The mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The reaper came that day ;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

On a Miser.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcase in a chest :
 The very chest, in which they say,
 His other self, his money, lay.
 And if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

SWIFT.

On Butler, the Author of Hudibras.

FOR though no monument can claim
 To be the treasurer of thy name ;
 That work, which ne'er will die, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.

On a Woman who had an issue in her leg.

HERE lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
 Who died without issue, save one in her leg.
 Strange woman was she, and exceedingly cunning,
 For whilst one leg stood still, the other kept running.

*Author supposed to be SHAKESPEARE.**On Mills, the Huntsman.*

HERE lies John Mills, who over hills
 Pursued the hounds with hallo ;
 The leap though high, from earth to sky,
 The huntsman we must follow.

On Drs. Walker and Fuller.

Walker wrote on the English particles. This caused him to get the very short and pithy epitaph:—

HERE lie Walker's particles.

the brevity of which was equalled by that on the famous Dr. Fuller:—

HERE lies Fuller's earth.

The Epitaph on Beckford, in the Lansdowne Cemetery, near Bath, contains the one sentence which alone in all his writings seemed to show that he had some faint apprehension of Divine truth. Placed on his grave by his daughter:—

ETERNAL GOD,

Grant me, through obvious clouds, one tranfient gleam
Of thy bright Effence in my dying hour.

Prepare to meet thy God.

IN every stage of life is given
A warning voice; it comes from heaven.
In childhood's hour it breathes around,
"The fairest flowers are faded found."
In youth it whispers as a friend,
"Reflect upon thy latter end."
In manhood, louder swells the cry,
"Remember thou art born to die."
In age it thunders on the blast,
"O, man! thy earthly years are past."
In joy and grief, in ease and care,
In every stage, "Prepare, prepare."

OLD HUMPHREY.

On an Undertaker.

HERE lies Bob Masters—it was very hard,
 To take away old honest Robin's breath;
 Yet surely Robin was full well prepared,
 For he was always *looking out for death*.

On Peter Aretin.

HERE Aretin interr'd doth lie,
 Whose satire lash'd both high and low:
 His *God* alone it spared; and why?
 His *God*, he said, he did not know.

On a Mother and her Infants.

FROM God they came, to God they went again:
 No sin they knew, and knew but little pain;
 And here they lie, by their fond mother's side,
 Who lived to love and lose them: then she died.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

In Gillingham Churchyard.

TAKE *time* in *time*, while *time* doth last,
 For *time* is not *time*, when *time* is past.

In Pancras Churchyard.

As I am now, so you must be;
 Therefore, prepare to follow me.

*The Rev. W. Huntington, of S. S. notoriety, wrote
 underneath this answer:—*

To follow you I'm not intent,
 Till I can learn which way you went.

On a Quarrelsome Man.

BENEATH this stone lies one whose life
 Was spent in quarrels, and in strife;
 Wake not his spirit from its rest,
 For when he slept the world was blest.

On John Lockhart, Esq.

TAKE time, while time doth serve; 'tis time to-day,
 For secret dangers still attend delay;
 Do what thou canst—to-day hath eagle's wings;
 For who can tell what change to-morrow brings?

On Dr. Sheridan.

BENEATH this marble stone there lies
 Poor Tom, more merry much than wise;
 Who only lived for two great ends,—
 To spend his cash, and lose his friends:
 His darling wife, of him bereft,
 Is only grieved—there's nothing left!

SWIFT.

*On a Stone that covers the remains of the Father,
 Mother, and Brother of Pitt, late Earl of Chatham,
 written by himself.*

YE sacred spirits! while your friends, distress'd,
 Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
 O, let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
 And with the general sorrows mix her own:
 The pensive muse, who, from this mournful hour
 Shall raise her voice and wake the strings no more;
 Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive,—
 'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

On Francis Beaumont.

HE that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
 As would ask ten good heads to husband it ;
 He that can write so well, that no man dare
 Refuse it for the best, let him beware ;
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
 Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

BISHOP CORBET.

*On Thomas Churchyard, Laureate to Henry VII.
 and Henry VIII., buried in St. Margaret's,
 Westminster.*

COME, Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
 To find a *Churchyard* in a *church-porch* ;
 Poverty and poetry this tomb doth enclose,
 Therefore, gentlemen, be merry in prose.

From Cowley.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me where ?
 Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

Intended for Dryden ; by Pope.

THIS *Sheffield* raised. The sacred dust below
 Was *Dryden* once : the rest who does not know ?

On Sir Isaac Newton.

So happy Newton, in his mistress' grace,
 He ask'd a glimpse—she show'd him all her face ;
 For Nature, 'midst the frenzy of her love,
 Reveal'd to Newton all her works above.

On Dr. Fisher.

HERE Dr. Fisher lies interr'd,
Who's fill'd the half of this churchyard.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

WHEN Gay breathed his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd ;
Pope falls ! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And prayers daily made to keep Swift from the skies ;
Vain wishes ! vain prayers ! to the winds they are
given,

For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But its time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

On Captain Jones, who published some marvellous accounts of his travels, the truth of which he thought proper to testify by affidavit.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones ;
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

On John Comb, of Stratford-on-Avon, noted for his wealth and usury.

TEN in the hundred lies here ingraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb ?
" Oh ! oh ! " quoth the devil, "'tis my John-a-Comb."

SHAKESPEARE.

In Bury St. Edmund's Churchyard.

FOND youth, beware betimes, death skulks behind thee ;
Remember, as death leaves, the judgment finds thee.

On Laurence Sterne.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise ;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne ?

GARRICK.

Posthumous Fame.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold ;
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die !
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live !

On Cowper.

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust,
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong ;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

HAYLEY.

On a Miser.

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give
 A little gold, and so his life he lost :
 I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
 Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

On an unknown Person.

WITHOUT a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
 Dust, ashes, naught else, lies within this tomb.
 Where'er I lived, or died, it matters not :
 To whom related or by whom begot.
 I was, but am not, ask no more of me—
 It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

On a Member of the Kildare Family, by Dean Swift.

WHO killed Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?
 Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

On John So.

So died John So,
 So so did he so?
 So did he live,
 And so did he die!
 So so did he so,
 And so let him lie.

On a Man named Fish.

WORMS bait for fish ; but here's a sudden change,
 Fish's bait for worms—is not that passing strange?

*On Robert Stevens, in Peterborough Cathedral
Graveyard.*

YOUTH builds for age ; age builds for rest,
They who build for heaven build best.

In Wingfield Churchyard, Suffolk.

POPE boldly asserts (some think the maxim odd),
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
If this assertion is from error clear,
One of the noblest works of God lies here.

*On a Sexton, who received a heavy blow by
the Clapper of a Bell.*

HERE lieth the body of honest John Capper,
Who lived by the bell, and died by the clapper. .

Capper's Reply.

I AM not dead, indeed, but have good hope
To live by the bell when you die by the rope.

In Llangerrig Church, Montgomery.

O EARTH, O earth, observe this well—
That earth to earth shall come to dwell :
Then earth in earth shall close remain,
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

FROM earth my body first arose,
But here to earth again it goes.
I never desire to have it more,
To plague me as it did before.

On Edward Cave, who originated the "Gentleman's Magazine."

HE lived a patriarch in his numerous race,
 And shew'd in charity a Christian's grace :
 Whate'er a friend or parent feels, he knew :
 His hand was open, and his heart was true :
 In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind,
 A grateful always is a generous mind.
 Here rests his clay ! his soul must ever rest,
 Who blest'd when living, dying must be blest.

From DR. JOHNSON'S Life of Cave.

On Madam Blaize, the glory of her Sex.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
 With manners wondrous winning ;
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size ;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all :
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow fore ;
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

GOLDSMITH.

On an Editor.

HERE lies an Editor !
Snooks if you will :
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him *lie still*.

He *lied* for his living : so
He lived, while he *lied* :
When he could not *lie longer*,
He *lied* down, and died.

On Daniel Tears.

HERE, friend, is little Daniel's tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive :
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

*In Lavenham Church, Norfolk. On John Wales,
ob. 1694.*

Quod fuit esse, quod est,
Quod non fuit esse, quod esse;
Esse quod non esse,
Quod est, non est, erit, esse.

Thus translated by a Herefordshire clergyman:—

ALL that I really was lies here in dust;
That which was death before is life, I trust.
To be what *is*, is not, I ween, to *be*:
Is not, but will be in eternity.

From Notes and Queries.

*On the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. From the
Latin of the "Fable of the Bees," by
B. Mandeville, M.D.*

THE grateful antients him a god declared
Who wisely counsell'd or who bravely warr'd;
Hence Greece her Mars and Pallas deify'd,
Made him the hero's, her the patriot's guide:
Antients, within this urn a mortal lies:
Shew me his peer among your deities.

From the Guide to Blenheim and Woodstock.

Bobbity John.

UNDER this stone lies Bobbity John,
Who, when alive, to the world was a wonder:
And would have been so yet, had not Death in a fit
Cut his soul and his body asunder.

On Gray's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

MASON.

On Captain Underwood, who was drowned; in a Churchyard in Suffex.

HERE lies, free from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood—now Underwater.

On Archbishop Laud, beheaded Jan. 1645.

HERE lies, within the compass of this earth,
A man of boundless pride, of meanest birth;
England's last Primate, whose unequal fate
Made him the prince's love, the people's hate.
A Protestant in shew, yet, join'd by art,
An English headpiece to a Roman heart;
A seeming patriot, yet this wonder bred
He was the Church's, his a traitor's head,
Which being taken off, he thus did die,
The Church's, prince's, people's enemy.

From an old MS. in Sion College Library.

On the Tomb of T. Maude, author of a poetical description of Wensleydale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease:
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

From GOLDSMITH's Deserted Village.

A Soldier's Epitaph.

WHILST I was young, in wars I shed my blood,
 Both for my king and for my country's good ;
 In elder years it was my care to be
 Soldier to *Him* who shed his blood for me.

On Fair Rosamund, buried at Godstow, near Oxford.

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa Mundi, non Rosamunda :
 Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Thus imitated in English:—

HERE lies, not Rose the Chaste, but Rose the Fair :
 Her scents no more perfume, but taint the air.

On " Old Dog Tray."

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
 Blest with more sense than half the folks I know ;
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone ;
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way.
 Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

For Prior's Monument ; written by himself.

NOT to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make interest and freedom agree,
 In public employments industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he !

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
 Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust ;
 And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
 dust.

Cornish Epitaphs. The following curious epitaphs are taken from "A Week at the Land's End," a guide-book to Cornwall:—

1.

BELGIUM my birth, Britain my breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

2.

OUR life is but a winter's day ;
Some only breakfast and away ;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed ;
The oldest only sups and goes to bed ;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

3.

HOPE, fear, false joy, and trouble,
Are these four winds which daily toss this bubble.
His breath's a vapour, and his life's a span,
'Tis glorious misery to be born a man.

On a Prizefighter; in Hanslope Churchyard, Bucks.

STRONG and athletic was my frame,
Far away from home I came,
And manly fought with Simon Byrne,
Alas ! but lived not to return.

Reader, take warning by my fate.
Unless you rue your case too late ;
And if you've ever fought before,
Determine now to fight no more.

On Richard Brandon, the executioner of King
Charles I.*

Who, do you think, lies buried here?
One that did help to make hemp dear;
The poorest subject did abhor him,
And yet his king did kneel before him;
He would his master not betray,
Yet he his master did destroy;
And yet no Judas; in records 'tis found
Judas had thirty pence, he thirty pound.†

*Inscription in the Parsonage, Bemerton. To my
Successor.*

If thou chance to find
A new house to thy mind
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

G. HERBERT.

On John Stewart, at Inverness.

HODIE mihi, cras tibi. Sic transit gloria mundi.

To-day is mine, to-morrow yours may be,
And so doth pass this world's poor pageantry.

* Brandon died in 1649, and was buried in Whitechapel churchyard. The burial register of St. Mary Mattelon has the entry, "Buried in the churchyard, Richard Brandon, a ragman of Rosemary Lane."

† The fee (30*l.*) was said to have been paid in *crown* pieces.

From Notes and Queries.

On Alexander the Great.

SUFFICIT huic tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis.

A mound of earth suffices Alexander now,
To whom, alive, a world was mere "bow-wow."

REV. J. C. NAPLETON.

On the Venerable Bede, ob. 735.

BENEATH this stone Bede's mortal body lies;
God grant his soul may rest amid the skies.
May he drink deeply, in the realms above,
Of wisdom's fount, which he on earth did love.

On one who slew his Mother. From the Greek.

O BURY not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' un pitying sky!
Our common mother, Earth, would grieve to hide
The hateful body of the matricide.

HODGSON.

A Punning Inscription.

Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus, quomodo sic?

Here lies More, no more is he,
More and no more, how can that be?

Another on More, at St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf.

HERE lies one *More*, and no *More* than he,
One More and *no More*! how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone;
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

From Plato. On two neighbouring Tombs.

THIS is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb;
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.

HODGSON.

In Llanfilantwithyl Churchyard.

UNDER this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling;
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Tho' he gave our old organist many a blast.

No puffer was he,

Tho' a capital blower:

He could fill double G,

And now lies a note lower.

On Pearce, the Earl of Suffolk's Fool.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's Fool,
Men call him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make men laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at by-and-bye.

DEAN SWIFT.

By an uncertain author. From the Greek.

MY lot was meagre fare, disease, and shame,
At length I died—you all must do the same.

BLAND.

On a murdered Corpse. From the Greek.

THOUGH here you laid my corpse, when none were
nigh,

One saw thee, murderer! one all-seeing eye.

HODGSON.

On Glaucus. From Martial's Epigrams (lib. vi. 29).

NOR basely born, nor bought at mart,

But worthy all a master's love.

Freed—but too young to lay to heart

The boon—or freedom's joys to prove :

In him fair form, mild manners meet,

Apollo's scarce a face more fair ;

Such gifts foreshow life short and fleet,

Ye who love such for grief prepare.

A. B. ROWAN, D.D.

*On J. Alexander, a pedlar, who died Jan. 5, 1746,
aged 95 ; in Paulerspury Churchyard.*

AT fourteen years of age in Scotland I was bound

Apprentice for to travel all over English ground ;

And Ireland had its share of my forty years' toil and
pain,

And here I pitched my staff to ease my back again.

A family I have enjoy'd full forty-one years at least,

And now I am call'd hence, as God has thought it best.

On Epictetus. From the Greek of Leonidas.

A SLAVE was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,

And a cripple, and a beggar, and the favourite of the
skies.

On Otbo the Great, Emperor of Germany, ob. 972.

BENEATH this marble tomb a monarch lies,
 Whose loss a three-fold share of grief must claim;
 Religion's friend—a ruler brave and wise—
 His weeping country's highest joy and fame.
From Readings in Biography.

*On Queen Elizabeth, in the old church of St. Clement,
 Eastcheap, was the following epitaph:—*

SPAIN's rod, Rome's ruin,
 Netherlands' relief,
 Heaven's gem, Earth's joy,
 World's wonder, Nature's chief,
 Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
 Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender.

On the Duke of Marlborough, ob. 1722.

IN war's dire chance no sad reverse he found
 Fortune the favourite chief for ever crown'd.
 His form here yields to fate! his fame shall grow,
 When Mosa, or when Ister cease to flow.
 Lo! kings and bards their ashes round him blend,
 Ambitious once the hero to befriend,
 That on the Gaulish tyrant vengeance hurl'd,
 The soul of Britain, Europe, and the world.*

* Part of the Latin translation of the epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

On Hipponax, the Verse-maker. From Theocritus.

HIPPONAX the verse-fatirist lies here,
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near;
But if well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Sit here with confidence, and sleep secure.

FAWKES.

On Theodore Anthony I, King of Corsica.

THE grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,—
Fate poured its lesson on his living head;
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

On Sir Sydney Smith's Tomb at Père la Chaise.

IN warlike France, when great Napoleon rose,
The man who checked his conquests finds repose.

Rambles about Paris.

On a Bold Dragoon.

READER, in time prepare to follow me,
As my route was, so thine will surely be;
The mandate of my God I did obey,
Kings and dragoons when call'd must march away.

On a Woolcomber, who was hanged for sheep-stealing.

BENEATH this gallows lies Tom Kemp,
Who *lived* by wool and *died* by hemp.
The fleece would not suffice the glutton,
But with it he must steal the mutton.
Had he but work'd, and lived uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep-biter.

On Sir J. Danvers, ob. 1753; in Suthland Churchyard.

WHEN young I sail'd to India, East and West,
But aged, in this port must lie at rest.

On a Fool, who was shot through the head in a duel.

HERE lies poor Tommy; Nature at his end
Thought 'twas but right for once to stand his friend;
For in the shades below he now can say,
"At least there's something in my head to-day."

*On Spencer Madan, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough,
ob. 1813.*

IN sacred sleep the pious bishop lies,
Say not in death—a good man never dies.

On Laurence Sterne.

How often wrongs our nomenclature!
How our names differ from our nature
'Tis easy to discern;
Here lies the quintessence of wit,
For mirth and humour none more fit,
And yet men call him Stern-e.

On Mr. Death, the Actor.

DEATH levels all, both high and low,
Without regard to stations;
Yet why complain
If *we* are slain?
For here lies one, at least, to show
He kills his own relations.

*On S. Foote, the Comedian, ob. 1777, buried in
Westminster Abbey.*

HERE lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now one Foote within the grave.

On Quin, the Actor, in the Abbey Church at Bath.

THE scene is changed—I am no more,
Death's the last act—now all is o'er.

On Little Stephen, a well-known fiddler in Suffolk.

STEPHEN and Time
Are both now even;
Stephen beat Time,
Now Time beats Stephen.

*On Joe Miller, the Jester, ob. 1738, buried in
St. Clement Danes Churchyard.*

IF humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.

Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.

On a Man and his Wife.

HERE lies Thomas and his wife,
Who led a pretty jarring life,
But all is ended—do you see,
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

On John Wright.

HERE lies John Wright, as queer a wight
 As sleeps these tombs among,
 Who, strange to tell, though always Wright,
 Was *sometimes* in the *wrong*.

On Robespierre.

HERE lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed :
 Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead.

On Thomas Hobbes, author of “Leviathan” and other celebrated Works.

HERE lies Tom Hobbes, the bugbear of the nation,
 Whose death hath frightened Atheism out of fashion.

On a Man who had been notoriously miserly and usurious.

HERE lies old forty-five per cent. ;
 The more he got the more he lent,
 The more he saved, the more he craved :
 Great God ! can such a soul be saved ?

In Peterborough Churchyard.

READER, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
 In bad biography, or bitter rhyme ;
 What I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
 And what I was is no affair of yours.

On an Infant three months old.

SINCE I am so quickly done for,
 I wonder what I was begun for.

On Mr. Cumming.

"GIVE me the best of men," said Death
 To Nature,—“Quick, no humming!”
 She fought the man who lies beneath,
 And answer'd, “Death, he's Cumming.”

On a Punster.

BENEATH this gravel and these stones
 Lie poor Jack Tiffey's skin and bones :
 His flesh, I oft have heard him say,
 He hoped in time would make good hay.
 Quoth I, “How can that come to pass?”
 And he replied, “All flesh is grass.”

On a Puritanical Locksmith.

A ZEALOUS locksmith died of late,
 And did arrive at heaven's gate :
 He stood without, and would not knock,
 Because he meant to pick the lock.

On an Epicure.

AT length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
 I've eat sufficient, I can drink no more ;
 My night is come ; I've spent a jovial day ;
 'Tis time to part : but oh ! what is to pay ?

*Lines written in pencil on a Tomb in Harrow
 Churchyard, ascribed to Byron.*

BENEATH these green trees, rising to the skies,
 The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies ;
 A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
 And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

On a Tailor, named Shadrach Bodkin.

To man nor woman, boy nor maid,
 Death ne'er has proved a gaoler ;
 But wouldst thou know who here is laid,
 Why, reader—'tis a tailor.

And though with Death 'tis strange to jeer,
 Deny the truth who can,
 If when eight more are buried here
 We say, " Here lies a man."

THAT which a being was, what is it ? show ;
 That being which it was, it is not now :
 To be what 'tis, is not to be, you see :
 That which now is not, shall a being be.

In a Churchyard in Norfolk.

HERE lies Matthew Mud,
 Death did him no hurt ;
 When alive he was Mud,
 And now dead he's but dirt.

On a violent Scold.

HERE lies, return'd to clay,
 Miss Arabella Young ;
 Who, on the first of May,
 Began to hold her tongue.

In Lymington Churchyard.

LIVE well, die never :
 Die well, live for ever.

On a celebrated Cook, who died recently.

PEACE to his hashes.

On a Miser's Tomb.

HERE lies old father Gripe, who never cried "Jam satis;"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone
gratis.

A Priest's Epitaph, by himself.

THIS be my record : sober, not austere,
A Churchman, honest to his Church, lies here ;
Content to tread where wiser feet have trod,
He loved establish'd modes of serving God ;
Preach'd from a pulpit rather than a tub,
And gave no guinea to a Bible club.

From the Religio Clerici.

On a Dyer, in Lincoln Churchyard.

HERE lies John Hyde ;
He first lived, and then he died ;
He died to live, and lived to die,
And hopes to live eternally.

On a Dustman.

BENEATH yon humble clod, at rest,
Lies Andrew, who, if not the best,
Was not the very worst man ;
A little rakish, apt to roam ;
But not so now, he's quite at home,
For Andrew was a dustman.

On Dog Pompey.

HERE Pompey lies, Pompey of spotless fame,
 Yet spots he had, and Spot became his name ;
 Though full of spots, Spot lived without a spot :
 Ah ! who can trace such spots in human lot !
 His spots were beauties of a spotless kind,
 Spots without spots on good Spot traced we find :
 Of honest Spot this truth may be relied,
 In this spot, spotted Spot lies spotless, as he lived and
 died.

On R. Burns, the Poet.

O, ROBBIE BURNS ! the man, the brither !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
 And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
 Like thee, where shall we find anither,
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash of state !
 But by the honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the sweetest poet's fate,
 E'er lived on earth.

On John Fry, an Undertaker ; in Stoke Churchyard.

AN undertaker, named John Fry,
 Lies here, who lost his breath
 Endeavouring, but in vain, to fly
 That overtaker, Death.

In Chumleigh Churchyard, Essex.

MAN is born, alas ! and what is man ?
 A scuttle-full of duft, a measured span,
 A vale of tears, a vefsel tun'd with breath,
 By ficknefs broach'd, and then drawn out by death.

On George Dixon, a noted Fox-hunter.

STOP, paffenger ! and thy attention fix on
 That true-born, honeft fox-hunter, George Dixon ;
 Who, after eighty years' unwearied chafe,
 Now refts his bones within this hallow'd place.
 A gentle tribute of applaufe beftow,
 And give him as you pafs one tally-ho ;
 Early to cover, brisk he rode each morn,
 In hopes the *brufh* his temples might adorn,
 The view is now no more, the chafe is pafst,
 And to an earth poor George is run at laft.

UNDER this ftone
 Lies Mifter Bone ;
 He lying lived, and lying died,
 For, dying or living, he always lied.

On a military Officer ; in a Churchyard near Oxford.

BILLETED by death,
 I, quarter'd here, lay flain,
 And when the trumpet founds,
 I'll rife and march again.

In St. Margaret's Churchyard, Rochefter.

CHRIST's death my life, my life to death was portal,
 So through two deaths I have one life immortal.

In Hatfield Churchyard, Herts.

THE world's a city full of crooked streets ;
 And death the *market-place* where man man meets.
 If death were merchandise that men could buy,
 The rich would always live, the poor must die.

On a Captain, who was drowned at Gravesend.

FRIENDS, cease to grieve that at Gravesend
 My life was closed with speed,
 For when the Saviour shall descend,
 'Twill be graves' end, indeed.

On John Spong, a Carpenter.

WHO many a sturdy oak hath laid along,
 Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong.
 Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
 And lived by railing, though he was no wit,
 Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
 And styles corrected, yet was no grammarian.

On one who died of the Hyp.

DEATH, by a conduct strange and new,
 Proved here th' effect and motive too :
 Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
 And died, because he fear'd to die.

The Orator's Epitaph.

HERE, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
 My fate a moral teaches ;
 The hole in which my body lies
 Would not contain one-half my speeches.

LORD BROUGHAM.

On Peter Staggs.

POOR Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
 Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
 For twenty years he did the duties well,
 Of ostler, boots, and waiter at the "Bell."
 But Death stepp'd in, and ordered Peter Staggs
 To feed his worms, and leave the farmers' nags.
 The church-clock struck one, alas! 'twas Peter's knell,
 Who sigh'd, "I'm coming—that's the ostler's bell!"

PETER PINDAR.

On John Dove, Innkeeper of Mauchline.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon;
 What was his religion?
 Wha e'er desires to ken,
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!
 Strong ale was ablution,
 Small beer persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*:
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

R. BURNS.

On a Fellow of Trinity College.

HERE lies a Doctor of Divinity,
 Who was a Fellow too of Trinity;
 He knew as much about Divinity
 As other fellows do of Trinity.

PORSON.

On Andrew Turner.

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine,
 Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
 And cuist it in a corner ;
 But wilily he changed his plan,
 And shaped it something like a man,
 And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

R. BURNS.

On a Scotch Coxcomb.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
 His chicken heart so tender ;
 But build a castle on his head,
 His skull will prop it under.

R. BURNS.

On W——.

STOP, thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
 As Willie drew his latest breath ;
 You have my choicest model ta'en ;
 How shall I make a fool again ?

R. BURNS.

On a Dyer.

HERE lies the man who dyed of wool great store,
 One day he died himself, and dyed no more.

On an Old Maid who dropt ten years of her age.

A STIFF starch'd virgin of unblemish'd fame
 And spotless virtue, Bridget Cole by name,
 At length the death of all the righteous dies :
 Aged just four and fifty—*here she lies.*

On Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate.

BENEATH these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the bard lie hid ;
Peace to his Manes ; and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did !

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,
Through epic,¹ Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all ;

Till fiction having done enough,
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers *quantum suff.*
He took to praising George the Third.

And now, in virtue of his crown,
Dooms us poor Whigs at once to slaughter ;
Like Donellan of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel-water.*

And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honour's track ;
And though he's got a butt of Malmsey,
It may not save him from a sack.

Death, weary of so dull a writer,
Put to his works a *finis* thus :
Oh ! may the earth on him lie lighter
Than did his quartos upon us !

T. MOORE.

* Southey was Poet Laureate.

On an Auctioneer.

HERE lies the remnant of old Puff,
 A wight of more than modern stuff;
 Who, Samson-like, true heart of oak,
 Could *knock down* houses at a stroke—
 But Death at last, in jeering scoff,
 With his fell hammer struck him off.

On a Coalheaver.

CEASE to lament his change, ye just;
 He's only gone from "dust to dust."

On Mr. King, late of Drury-lane.

HERE lies a crownless monarch, though a King,
Sans lands, *sans* subjects, and *sans* everything.

*On a Locomotive. Written by the sole survivor of a
 deplorable accident (no blame to be attached to any
 servants of the company).*

COLLISIONS four
 Or five she bore,
 The signals were in vain;
 Grown old and rusted,
 Her biler busted,
 And smash'd the excursion train.

"Her end was pieces."

PUNCH.

On Woollett, the Engraver.

HERE Woollett rests, contented to be saved;
 Who engraved well—but is not well *en-graved*.

On a Handsome Young Lady.

HERE rest thy dust, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

From Boileau.

HERE lies, regretted by us all,
A skilful man, of science small ;
A gentleman, though not of birth ;
A worthy man, though little worth.

A HUSBAND's corpse this tomb contains,
And I must now my time employ
In weeping o'er his sad remains,
With ever streaming tears—of joy.

On an Irish Miser.

HERE crumbling lies, beneath this mould,
A man, whose sole delight was gold ;
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest ;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

On a Coroner who hanged himself.

HE lived and died
By suicide.

On Mrs. Death.

HERE lies Death's wife ; when this way next you tread,
Be not surpris'd should Death himself be dead.

On a Staymaker.

ALIVE, unnumber'd stays he made,
He work'd, industrious, night and day;
E'en dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his *bones will make a stay*.

On a Baker.

HERE lies Dick, a baker by trade,
Who was always in business praised;
And here snug he lies, in his oven, 'tis said,
In hopes that his bread may be raised.

On Mr. Richard Quick.

QUICK living, and Quick dead! lo! here lies Dick,
Who was, and is, and ever shall be, Quick.
Nor Quick nor dead, from Death we now can save,
Since Quick and Dead lie buried in one grave.

On a Sumptuous Liver.

"FLESH is but grass," the Scripture says, 'tis true;
But, trust me, worms, I'm more than grass to you.

On a Cowardly Officer.

READER, a foldier here lies dead,
Who oft from fields of battle fled;
And, should he hear the trumpet's sound,
Though dead, he'll rise and quit the ground.

On the Editor of the Wits' Magazine.

READER! here lies thy quondam merry friend,
Chop-fall'n, alas! and quite at his wits' end.

On an old Hawker found dead in the highway.

JOHN SHERRY lies here, whose fix'd abode
Was nowhere before, for he lived on the road ;
And when grown in age, scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and fell fast asleep :
But some of his friends soon found his mishap,
And hither removed him to take out his nap.

On Mr. Thomas All.

READER, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble, good, and wise ;
All that once was found on earth,
All that was of mortal birth ;
All that lived above the ground,
May within this grave be found.
If you have lost, or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies *All*.
Then smile at Death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his *All* from earth.

On Mr. Peck.

HERE lies a Peck ! which some men say,
Was first of all a Peck of clay :
This, wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh :
Through various forms its maker ran ;
Then, adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till Death relieved a Peck of troubles.
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

HERE rests a man who, proud and poor,
 Knew very little rest before ;
 Of misery he bore such a pack
 He'll scarce petition to come back ;
 Though, should he meet so great a curse,
 The world can hardly use him worse.

On a Horse.

A GENEROUS foe, a faithful friend,
 A hero bold, here met his end :
 He conquer'd both in war and peace ;
 By death subdued, his glories cease.
 Ask you, who finish'd here his course
 With so much honour ? 'Twas a horse.

On Mr. Miles.

THIS tombstone is a Milestone. " Hah ! how so ?"
 Because, beneath lies Miles, who's Miles below.
 A little man he was, a dwarf in size ;
 But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies.
 His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
 'T has Miles in length and breadth, and room besides.

On a Dyer.

JOHN SPELLMAN's like will ne'er be found,
 He dyed for all the country round ;
 Yet hear with patience, if you can,
 The base ingratitude of man :
 When Death approach'd, with aspect grim,
 Not one of them would die for him ;
 So, leaving all his worldly pelf,
 Poor John, at last, died for himself.

On a Naturalist.

HERE lies a sage, who studied Nature's works,
 Where beetle, blind-worm, newt, or scorpion lurks :
 Through all their various properties and forms,
 Moths, butterflies, grubs, caterpillars, worms,
 His fancy fed, and gave a rich repast ;
 Lo ye ! he's gone to feed them all at last.

On a Pin-maker.

HERE lies Will Sharpless, O most cruel Death !
 Why didst thou rob Will Sharpless of his breath ?
 He, in his life-time, scraping one poor pin,
 Made better dust than thou canst make of him.

On William Churchman.

OUR life hangs by a single thread,
 Which soon is cut, and we are dead.
 Then boast not, reader, of thy might,
 Alive at noon and dead at night.

On W. West, Comedian.

To me 'twas given to die ; to thee 'tis given
 To live ! alas ! one moment sets us even,
 Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.

PRIOR.

*Piron wished to become a member of the French Academy,
 and failing, revenged himself by writing his own
 Epitaph, which may be translated thus :—*

HERE lies Piron, who held no position,
 Not even that of an Academician.

Stone, clay, dust. The following Epitaph was written on reading of the death of a Lady whose name was Stone:—

CURIOUS enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone should now be clay;
Most curious still, to own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be dust.

FINIS.



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